TRIBUTE TO FDR: Louis Aragon, Ralph Parker, Howard Fast, W. E. B. Du Bois, Joseph North, A. B. Magil, Virginia Gardner, Joseph Foster, Colonel T.

APRIL 24
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NEW MASSES

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE news first came over the switchboard. Gertrude Chase, our advertising manager, was out on her customary rounds and heard it over the radio and she was phoning it in. By some indefinable instinct the editors, having heard only the name of Roosevelt in the office corridor, came streaming out of their offices full of foreboding and anxiety. The girl at the board repeated the news several times to the circle of faces around her but no one moved. For one brief moment emotion was suspended, transfixed into a still life of incomprehension. Then some one said, "Confirm it." Reality flowed back in all its dreadful significance. The news agencies, the wire services pressed the unhappy news upon us. The President was dead. There is both a solace and an advantage in being forced into activity by such tidings. For people who work on magazines and newspapers, objectivity must come quickly. There is no time to sit down with your sorrow.

"Meeting in ten minutes," announced acting editor Abe Magil. Meeting meant for NEW MASSES what it meant for every publication in the land. Meeting meant that routine was gone, that the usual patterns of weekly planning were as shattered as the world's equilibrium. Only several hours before we had sent to the printer most of the material for the issue of the coming week. But now everything was different. Meeting meant the first facing of the new realities and an assessing of their meanings. This issue, therefore, can make only the first statement of the problems of the future. President Roosevelt's contribution to world history cannot be measured in one article, or twenty. As time goes on his role will be more and more understood and appreciated. Nor can his unfinished tasks be defined in one or two pieces. But how the people of the world felt upon first learning of their irreparable loss, the towering achievements of our departed leader, the immediate job ahead, all these were explicit in Magil's "Meeting in ten minutes," and these were the things we include in the current issue.

J. F.

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NEW MASSES

VOL LV APRIL 24, 1945 NO. 4

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

1882-1945

HE DIED in battle even as the man with the blazing rifle on the bullet-ridden line. There is the sorrow now that comes and wells up in all of us, that poignant sorrow that cuts inwardly as though it were our own father who died. Yes, the grief is deeply personal even if you had never said hello to him face to face. And there is the hush over the earth.

The grief rolls over the shrunken earth. Our President was not our President alone. This giant who strode beyond the national boundaries fixed his image wherever men have eyes to see greatness and the heart to love the unfettered spirit. He belonged to everyone—to the private somewhere on Okinawa, to the black man digging in an African mine, to the writer with his books and the scientist with his test tubes, to you and to us, to everyone with a yearning for freedom and a hatred of slavery.

FDR was the greatest American of our time. In him resided everything that was good in our Republic. He brought men of the most diverse interests together and taught them how to work as one. He brought peoples and nations together and taught them how to work as one. He pioneered the concept of coalition, gave it bone and sinew, and the strength of his courage. And if his work is unfinished there are all of us left to finish it for him. "The occasion is piled high with difficulty," Lincoln once said, "and we must rise with the occasion."

There are ways to mourn this immeasurable loss. There is the way that renews determination. But the way not to mourn is to see in the President's death the death of all that he stood for. Our President was the epitome of more than a decade of historic struggles. They shaped him as he shaped them. And the legacy he leaves—his sense of world realities, his deep love of country, his kinship with everything humane and progressive—is the anvil on which can be forged an even richer future. In leaving us so much with which to work, the peace that he envisioned need not be left a shadow but can be given substance by the same millions who helped him and must now help his successor, President Truman.

The President had faith in people and compassion for their tragedies. He could sing with them when they sang, and laugh when they laughed. He was superbly human. His good cheer came free and comforted all. He knew and understood people as few men in public life knew and understood them. In moments of bitter crisis he called on them as they called on him for mutual help in overcoming the mountainous task. And now we know, now we can see how staggering was his burden. The burden remains. It is our burden now and President Truman's.

President Truman was chosen by Mr. Roosevelt to be his successor in office in the event that the worst happened. Mr. Truman was elected by the same millions who chose Mr. Roosevelt a few months ago. On the new President is heaped the superhuman job of finishing the war and shaping the peace. He has already said that "It will be my effort to carry on as I believe the President would have done." In his moving address to the Congress he reaffirmed the fundamentals of the Roosevelt policy. There can be no faltering now, no hesitation in showing Mr. Truman that there is faith and confidence in his stewardship, that he will have the wholehearted support of the nation. Men become great.

When the lion is dead the jackals have their own way of mourning him. Perhaps they think that their honeyed condolences will relieve them of the guilt of having made life for the President difficult, miserably difficult. Perhaps they think that their fraudulent grief will relieve them of the charge that they hated him and all the policies he made despite them. Now that they come to bury him, they shower him with praise. But the nation does not forget or feel any warmer towards them. In the reactionary circles of his opponents the name of FDR was uttered with contempt. It aroused the vilest epithets; it brought forth the most obscene gossip. No one will forget their calumnies, because to forget is to risk a similar fate for Mr. Truman.

The President bequeaths to us a great tradition, the tradition derived from Jefferson and Lincoln and from that host of men and women who have known and surmounted grief and sorrow in their battle for an abundant life. We weep because the heart is heavy but we know that we are a better people because Mr. Roosevelt was at the helm. We are a better people because somehow and sometime all of us have partaken of his wisdom. And somehow his greatness has seeped into the very fiber of our lives and of our being. The man will shine in the national memory as long as the nation lives.—The Editors.

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What He Meant to Us

By A. B. Magil

ROOSEVELT dead—the mind rebels at the thought. It is so inconceivable, so senselessly nightmarish. Roosevelt dead—and Hitler probably alive! It seems like a bad joke, a script by Goebbels. Who else should be there for the final victory if not Roosevelt? Who else should be building the world of peace if not Roosevelt? Yet into the lives of us all, into the homes of millions has fallen this sudden knife-thrust of grief, so personal, so poignant, yet freighted with the sorrow of all mankind.

At such a moment, when the simplest emotions hold sway, it is difficult to do more than gather together a few tentative, fragmentary thoughts on the man and his work. My own memory of him is of that gallant figure riding in an open car with the rain beating down on him while thousands lined the streets of New York to catch a glimpse of him. It was typical of the courage and unquenchable spirit of the man who had said on assuming the highest office in the land: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." Franklin D. Roosevelt lived and died a man unafraid.

It did not take death to give FDR his place in history: these last few years have left no doubt that he was among the greatest of all Americans, one who stood beside Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. Only five days before his death Walter Lippmann, a Republican who had hesitated till near the end of the campaign before supporting Roosevelt's reelection, in discussing his role as military strategist wrote of him: "If we do not recognize that he is a great war President, history will. But we need to recognize it now, not for his sake, though it would be gracious. . . . but for our own sakes in the trying days to come." But Roosevelt was great in peace as well as in war: that too we all recognize. And not the least part of his greatness lies in the fact that what he built does not die with his death: not only his work remains, but the forces he shaped and that shaped him are vibrant and strong.

Back in 1934 Joseph Stalin, whose sense of realistic values is universally acknowledged, in the course of an interview with H. G. Wells described Roosevelt as "one of the strongest figures among all the captains of the contemporary capitalist world," a man of "initiative, courage and determination." This was at a time when Roosevelt's major achievements still lay in the future. Yet when Franklin D. Roosevelt was first elected President political observers were hardly more impressed with his ability to measure up to the crisis of the time than were the observers of an earlier day with the ungainly Illinois lawyer who faced the national crisis of 1861. Nothing in the Roosevelt background or record warranted particular confidence in his capacity for coping with the gigantic problems of an America overwhelmed by the greatest economic cataclysm in history. The insurgent reform movements led by men like the elder La Follette, Norris and La Guardia had passed him by. The struggles of labor were remote from his experience. As governor of New York he had shared the illusions of the booming twenties and had continued, with suave embellishments, the unspectacular liberal tradition of Al Smith.

But as in Lincoln's case, his stature grew with his responsibilities. We cannot tell what secret core of inner strength he drew on, but in a time of storm and shipwreck he sensed imaginatively, even if not without fumbling and error, the tidal sweep of history and boldly set the country on that course. This man of aristocratic birth and wealth grasped the fact that the old symbols of power had faded, that new tyrannies were rising as well as new democratic energies. From loving human beings, he learned to love humanity and to have faith in it. He saw the issue when for so many others it was clouded. He acted. And his action gave a lasting impulse to democracy everywhere, helped plant the seed of a new era of freedom and peace for mankind.

I ASK myself: of all the things he did, what is the one thing that towers above the rest, that, in fact, gives permanent meaning to everything else? This is not easy to answer when one considers the rich variety of the Roosevelt record domestically and internationally. To me it seems, however, that his supreme achievement lies in the fact that he, more than any other figure in the capitalist world, built a bridge to the Soviet Union and made possible the collaboration of the capitalist and socialist systems in war and in peace. Without this the war could not have been won; without this there could be no prospect of enduring peace or prosperity in the postwar world; without this not a single domestic problem could be given anything but a temporary solution. Let me explain.

When the war came President Roosevelt already had behind him a whole series of remarkable domestic reforms, the result of a nationwide struggle in which he had helped awaken the people and bring into being the most powerful labor movement this country had known. Yet the fact is that it was this America, in which capitalism was strongest, in which bourgeois democracy was most vigorous, in which government was most liberal, in which the economic resources were most plentiful that had given the definitive proof that capitalism *by itself* could not cure the fatal malady which manifested itself economically in the great depression and politically in the worldwide threat of fascism and war. Despite the genius of President Roosevelt, despite all the efforts of the labor and progressive movement, there were in 1939, the last pre-war year, still 10,000,000 unemployed and our national income was only $70,000,000,000; in other words, the gap between productive capacity and the market had not closed. Only in the fascist countries had this gap been temporarily *concealed* through the enormous expansion of armaments production. And it was in 1939 that the political aspect of this endemic disease erupted in World War II, a war which, despite our favorable geographic position, eventually threatened our own national existence.

Who can deny that without the participation of the Soviet Union on the side of the capitalist democracies this war, after the Nazis had conquered France and all of Europe west of the Soviet border, could at best have resulted in a negotiated peace in which our own country would have had to content itself with an exceedingly modest place in the sun? And who can deny that in an Axis-dominated world American reaction would have risen to power, would have made short shrift of the New Deal reforms and turned its full might against the labor movement?

Now that victory is assured, consider whether capitalism by itself—that is,

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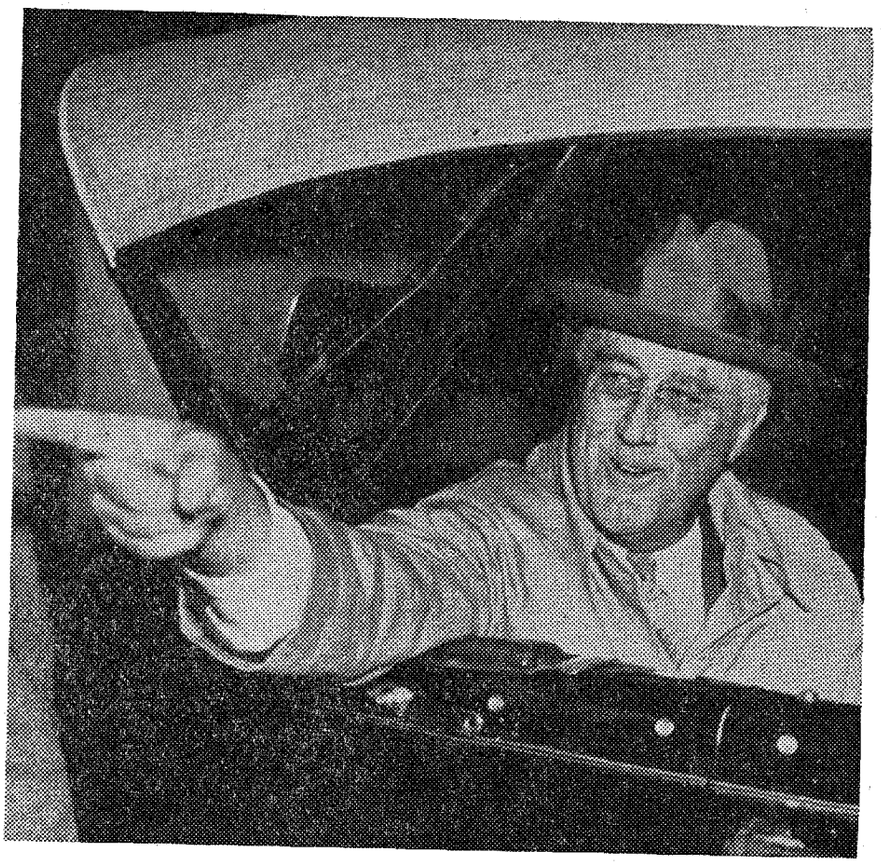
contemporary monopoly capitalism—can do what it was unable to do in the pre-war period—and more: find jobs for close to 60,000,000 workers and achieve a national income more than double that of 1939. Consider too whether monopoly capitalism can by itself restrain economic rivalries among the great powers, keep reactionary trends from leading to a revival of fascism, and prevent the two of these together from producing World War III. It seems to me that the whole experience of the past three decades points strongly to the conclusion that in the postwar neither capitalism alone nor socialism alone can establish on a world scale the economic and political conditions for an expanding economy, democratic progress and lasting peace. Only the two of them together, continuing to build on the foundations laid at Teheran, Yalta, Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco can do it. In other words, capitalism and more particularly American capitalism, can acquire new vigor only by joining its own life with that of socialism. This is much more than the co-existence of two systems: it is *a new form of existence,* a new structure of world economic and political relationships.



At the Gravelly Point Airport near Washington in 1938.

In the light of this overriding reality of our contemporary world it is clear that one of the great acts of President Roosevelt was his establishment of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union only a few months after he assumed office. The significance of this may be overlooked since it seems like a minimal step which so many other countries had taken long before us. Yet by that act Roosevelt turned the page on one of the most shameful chapters in American history—a chapter that did incalculable damage to the national interest. For the anti-Soviet policy pursued by four preceding administrations—those of Wilson, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover—a policy which was entirely "ideological," based on no real conflict of interest, anticipated and encouraged the Nazi crusade against "Bolshevism" and helped prepare the way internationally for the appeasement era and the isolation of the western powers from their strongest ally. The recognition of the USSR by President Roosevelt was thus the first step toward a profound historic reversal without which, as Russia's first ambassador to this country, Alexander Troyanovsky, pointed out in a memorial article in the Soviet press, the grand alliance of today would have been impossible. Roosevelt's statement when he welcomed Mr. Troyanovsky in January 1934, sensed the meaning of this break with the past: "A deep love of peace is the common heritage of the people of both our countries and I fully agree with you that the cooperation of our great nations will inevitably be of the highest import in the preservation of world peace. The successful accomplishment of this mutual task will be of immediate and lasting benefit not only to the people of our countries but to all peace-loving peoples everywhere."

It took years, however, and required the painful pedagogy of war to transform diplomatic recognition into positive friendship and active collaboration. While Roosevelt sometimes blundered, particularly during the period of the Soviet-German pact, when we look back now, we can see that most of the time he was ahead of a majority of the people and even of the leaders of labor. When, for example, in his famous Chicago speech in October 1937, he attempted to rouse the nation out of isolationist complacence and direct it toward a policy of quarantining the aggressors—a policy which, as this war has shown, was strategically impossible without the participation of the Soviet Union—the response he met in Congress and in the country was such that he was later moved to write that that address "fell upon deaf ears—even hostile and resentful ears." True, there were some who were not deaf to FDR's appeal—people who were accused of being agents of Moscow because they actively fought for quarantining the aggressors—yet to understand the vastness of the problem he faced in winning popular support for this policy all one has to do is to recall that even some of the advanced organs of public opinion—the *New Republic,* for example—were isolationist in 1937, while the CIO was so divided or indifferent that it took no official position on foreign policy.

I LEAP over the stormy years to a more recent time: the months preceding the Teheran conference of the Big Three. The full story of those months will probably not be known until long after the war. A few things are, however, known today, and they serve to illuminate Roosevelt's enormous contribution to anchoring the cooperation of the western powers with the Soviet Union. It will be recalled that in the months before Teheran the three-power coalition faced its most serious crisis as a result of the failure of Britain and the United States to fulfill their commitment to open a second front in

(*Continued on page* 30)

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His Work Will Go On

By Virginia Gardner

PRESIDENT TRUMAN's first acts on assuming the presidency were to declare that the war will be prosecuted with the utmost vigor against Germany and Japan, to announce that the San Francisco Conference would proceed on schedule, to meet with military commanders in an emergency war council, and to lunch with congressional leaders and friends. His last act in the chair of the Senate was to break a tie vote and thus kill the Taft amendment, which would have prevented the President from carrying out after the war any lend-lease contracts made prior to the war's end.

Truman can best be judged from what he has done. He has done plenty since November, for instance—but the public is unaware of it. It is not of a dramatic nature. It consists principally in careful organization and in tireless work on the Hill, in solitary talks with Senators, taking them into his inner office, perhaps having a drink with them, and then in unhurried, thoughtful talk, winning them over to support of the administration's program—Dumbarton Oaks, Bretton Woods, reduction of tariffs.

In addition, he was always on the floor when needed. It is little known that Truman did a Herculean job in carrying the fight for the confirmation of Henry Wallace as Secretary of Commerce to a successful conclusion. He was just as active in the fight to confirm Aubrey Williams as Rural Electrification Administrator.

Losing no time, even on the day after Mr. Roosevelt's death the McCormick-Patterson and the Hearst press began to play up hopefully the "conservative" nature of President Truman. Although one of his first acts was to request the members of the Cabinet to continue in office, Arthur Sears Henning, Chicago *Tribune* ax-man, wrote that it was "no secret, however, that eventually there will be numerous changes in the Cabinet." Helen Essary, Washington *Times-Herald* columnist, who in past diatribes on the Roosevelts came as close to treason as the law allows, wrote about how she had found the Trumans "agreeable and conservative." George Rothwell Brown, Hearst columnist, put a similar emphasis on his remarks about President Truman.

The tipoff as to how much the reactionaries can expect from Truman may be seen in the reactions of labor leaders, however. The CIO *News*' leading editorial in the current issue links Roosevelt with Stalin and Churchill as a great coalition leader, and then declares his work will be carried on by Truman and the people, with the CIO in the forefront.

R. J. Thomas, president of the UAW, declared, "Labor, along with the entire people, must dedicate itself as never before to the great work for which Mr. Roosevelt dedicated his life. . . . The nation must unite now behind President Truman for the great tasks set for us in winning the war and gaining a lasting peace." And William Green, president of the AFL, after paying tribute to Roosevelt, declared: "But Franklin D. Roosevelt was President of all the people in America and so will be his successor, Harry S. Truman. The American people must now give their full support to President Truman, who has pledged himself at the outset of his administration to carry out the policies of Roosevelt to a successful conclusion. President Truman is loyally devoted to the principles of social and economic progress espoused by his former chief and we can rely upon him to keep the banner of America flying high and victorious."

It might further disappoint Messrs. Henning and Brown and their ilk to learn that Mr. Truman in recent weeks told numerous people on the Hill that his one purpose in life now was to do all in his power to see that the international security treaty which will come before the Senate is ratified.

Republicans and Democrats alike agree that he is the one man best suited to accomplish this. For if the public at large as yet is largely unacquainted with President Truman as a personality, knowing him chiefly as the man most responsible for the excellent reports of the Senate War Investigating Committee, his personality is a very real thing in the Senate. Talk to Senators of either party, and their response is personal. They feel affection toward him as well as respect.

It is not that a Senator decides his vote on such a highly political issue as Dumbarton Oaks according to friendship, but often a Senator may be blinded by personal prejudices to what is politically correct for him to do in terms of his standing in his home state. The late Senator Lodge is said by historians to have had his political prejudices deepened by a personal rebuff he suffered from the late President Wilson. Thus his fight against the League of Nations was even more bitter than it would have been. Truman has been skillful, it is said, in turning Senators' thoughts toward a realistic appraisal of how their home states will react if they vote against the international security treaty.

By his engineering skill demonstrated in Congress, and his evident intention to continue close touch there, he may be able to help Senate leaders forestall the tactics of Senator Vandenberg and his

President Harry S. Truman
White House
Washington, D. C.

We mourn with you and all mankind the tragic loss of our great President and Commander-in-Chief, Franklin D. Roosevelt. We pledge to you, our new President and Commander-in-Chief, unstinting support in carrying out his policies embodied in the decisions of Teheran, Yalta, Dumbarton Oaks and Bretton Woods. We shall work for larger unity of all our people behind those policies in order to assure speedy total victory over Germany and Japan, and prosperity and lasting peace for America and the world.

New York (by wire).

NEW MASSES
A. B. Magil, Acting Editor

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followers in approving the treaty in name but insisting on revisions. When the late Senator Watson of Indiana came to Lodge and told him eighty-five percent of the people were for the League, and he felt it was impossible to defeat it, Lodge replied that they would amend and amend and reserve and reserve. And it was beaten through this means.

TRUMAN in his ten years in the Senate showed courage and outstanding ability long before his famous War Investigating Committee got to work. He was on the Railroad Investigating Committee and did a good job, despite the pressures brought to bear by railroad interests in Missouri. His labor voting record has been practically 100 percent. He backed the Railroad Brotherhoods in a Senate resolution last year which declared it the policy of the Senate to grant them a wage increase. He was a sponsor of the labor-backed Murray-Truman-Kilgore reconversion bill, which failed of passage. He has consistently voted for FEPC, anti-lynch bills and other progressive legislation.

A captain of field artillery in the last war who was in the thick of combat in France, Truman tried to be put on active duty the day after Pearl Harbor. Failing in this, he put himself on a war basis, riding to and from work in a bus, taking everything he could read on war production home to study at night. The Truman committee was his own idea. After his resolution was passed he asked for $25,000 and got only $15,000. The Senate obviously regarded it as just another committee. It became by far the most important committee in Congress.

An old friend of Truman's is Rep. Jack Cochran (D., Mo.), a man greatly loved by labor in Missouri. When I talked to the Congressman the day after the President's death, he said: "I can't conceive of any greater misfortune that could be visited on this country, and the entire world, than Roosevelt's death. He was my ideal. I followed him practically all the way through since 1933, although on a few things I differed with him. He was the greatest President we could have.

"But Truman is a loyal supporter of his. He has helped in Senate fights on every administration issue. He has the courage of his beliefs, and he'll carry through Roosevelt's policies. You will find him following in the President's footsteps to a great extent—and you'll find him surrounding himself with very able people."

President Harry S. Truman.

Truman is said to be personally devoted to Gen. George C. Marshall and it is said that if any one person will play an important role in influencing his decisions, it will be Marshall.

The Truman family is plain Missouri farm stock, and there is about Truman the integrity and independence which often are the heritage of such families. An extremely modest man, Washington people who knew him for years in Missouri testify to his warmth and loyalty. After the war, he went back to the farm near Grand View, just south and east of Kansas City, where his ninety-one-year-old mother still lives. He tried going into the haberdashery business in Kansas City, lost the little he had, was broke and without a job, and went back to the farm. The late Tom Pendergast, political boss, gave him a job as road overseer, and then he became a county judge, later being elected as presiding judge. He had gone to law school at night.

An indifferent speaker, Truman has talked little about the common man, and there is no question that many of the common men in this country, stunned by the loss of their great leader, Roosevelt, are as yet uncertain of Truman. But Truman is one of them. That organized labor feels this and is placing utmost confidence in him is revealed in the CIO executive board wire to Truman, signed by Philip Murray. "The fruits of the late President's brilliant victories are within our grasp. Cooperation and unity alone will see them safely harvested," it read, and pledged "that we shall not flag in our determination to work with you so that these tasks may be successfully accomplished."

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The Making of a Democrat

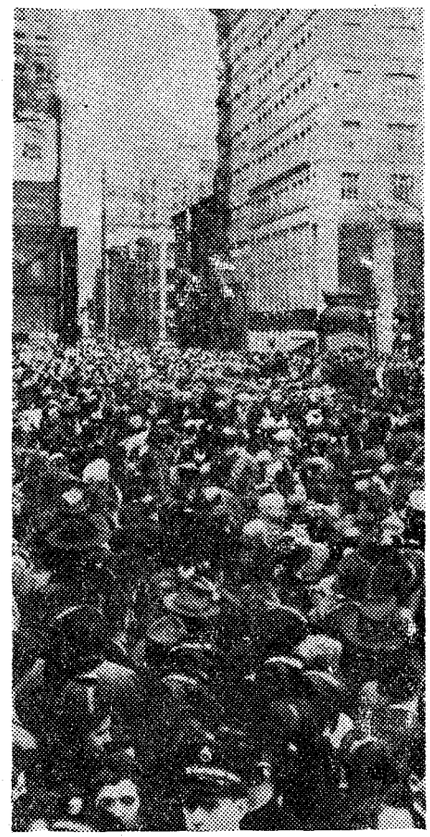
By Howard Fast

IN THINKING of Franklin Roosevelt, after so much has been written and said—yet with the knowledge that so much more will be written and said, in hundreds of years to come—one cannot help wondering what made the man, what took the Groton and Harvard graduate, the genial aristocrat of Hyde Park and gave him such oneness with the people. For in coming out of the stupor, the hollow, lost and wretched feeling that his death gave us, so many of us realized that we had lost a part of us, the way a brother or a father or a good close comrade is a part of us, and, indeed, the way some day all men will be a part of each other.

And from that feeling, I think hardly anyone was exempt; except only those who in their debasement and their hatred of mankind, their hatred of their own people, had declared themselves his mortal enemy, standing against him as the fascists stand against the men of good will in battle. They were few, and except for them, all people of this land had something within them wrenched out, slain, and lost. And when I say lost, I don't mean that hope was lost, or the strong house he had built, or the future he had planned and envisioned, but rather the man, the voice coming to us, so warm, so comforting and sure of itself, in our moments of tragedy as well as in our moments of triumph, the smiling face that could continue to smile confronting all the devils of hell, the tilted cigarette holder, the bodily pain that would never admit itself, or give into itself—in all, the peculiarly American courage and gallantry.

That is what was gone and lost and wrenched out of us, as never before in our memory with the death of one man; and realizing that, one cannot help but contemplate and wonder about his identity with us.

Yet perhaps it was that fact, that oneness, that gives the clue to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the President. It should be remembered that long ago, when he first met his wife, it was their love of this country, their curious and deep interest in its history which drew them together. Better than most men, Franklin Roosevelt knew that American Democracy was a living, vital, and revolutionary ideology. I have heard it said, by people close to him, that his dream and ambition, when his work was done, the victory accomplished and the peace made, was to write a history of the times he had lived through and knew so well, and it is one of the lesser tragedies of his death that the ambition will not be realized, and America so much the poorer. But it should be remarked that he was a man who not only made history, but who understood it and who practiced the art of the historian.



They stood in the rain at New York's City Hall.

He understood, as well as any person of his time, the conduct of American politics as well as the tradition of the American presidency, and out of that understanding came the leader. He walked so well in the footsteps of Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln because he knew these men, and because he knew that they had reacted, like sensitive barometers, to the wishes, the needs, and the hopes of their people. He too reacted in that fashion; for while he led, the curious contradiction was that he also followed, making no step that the people were not ready for, taking no action until the people had given him their mandate.

That was his role, his splendid role, as the leader of a democracy, and that was what those who called him a dictator were incapable of understanding.

HIS oneness with the people, his identity with us which gave us, in the moment of his death, so deep and so personal a feeling of loss, was the mark and proof of that understanding. He knew us; his sensitivity was nothing short of incredible. There, indeed, was the secret of his greatness, that this man from Hyde Park, from Groton and Harvard, knew the mass of us so well, that he could feel what the miner felt, what the man at the drop forge suffered, what the tenant farmer endured, what the housewife dreamed of, and what the student sought. We were his people; that's the simple answer to the complexity of his genius.

It was said, derisively by some, admiringly by others, that he was a master politician; certainly, there were few more skillful politicians in our time, and certainly his own master was that dean of all American politicians, Thomas Jefferson.

Let's not forget one thing, that the art of politics uses as its working materials human beings, brush and canvas that is flesh and blood—that was the President's art. He liked people; he understood them; he liked them with their faults and their virtues, and he understood both. He liked them in the whole wonderful scale of variety that people take, and in turn they gave him their love and their trust.

It's no wonder that a nation should be so completely bereft at his passing. I remember how, so long ago now, in the very early thirties, that voice of his, calm, certain, first began to make itself heard on the national networks. Hooverism had driven the country as close to hell as a nation may approach and still remain a democracy, and then a new President took office. Right then, at the very beginning, the people knew he was their man. They didn't question; when this sort of a leader comes, once in two or five generations, the people don't have to question, draw diagrams, or go to Gallup Polls; they know. When one of their own kind, one who feels with them, laughs with them, and understands them, walks onto the broad stage of America, they know.

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What He Meant to the Negro

By W. E. B. Du Bois

THE extraordinary accomplishment of Franklin Delano Roosevelt was to take a party whose core consisted of one hundred and thirty-four rotten borough electoral votes from the reactionary South and transform it into a political force for the social reconstruction of America and the modern world. He was not altogether successful. In many respects even at the time of his death he was losing ground and the tremendous inner struggle with his own Southern allies as well as the Republican Party of wealth and privilege shortened his days by at least a decade.

And yet what he did accomplish was superb. For the first time in a nation ruled by organized wealth, he made employers recognize labor by federal legislation; he reorganized a reactionary Supreme Court and induced the whole nation to realize that employment at a decent wage was an object of public policy and not an accident of immutable economic law. He gave a social and political recognition to the American Negro greater in effect than that granted by any president of the United States since the Civil War. He expressed the greatest and most truthful criticism of the former slave states when he designated them as our Number One Economic Problem. With all this he remained their friend and leader and leaves at his death an organized white minority in the South who know that race prejudice is fatal to social uplift and who are beginning to organize for real progress in the South across the color line. This is accomplishment enough for any one human being in one comparatively short life.

Dr. Du Bois is a distinguished historian, formerly professor of economics, history and sociology at Atlanta University and the author of many books on the Negro people. He is at present research director for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

"Negro Looks Ahead," bronze by Richmond Barthe. Courtesy International Print Society.

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One World Mourns

LOUIS ARAGON *from Paris*

By cable.

RETURNING home that night, I turned on my radio dial. Immediately, I heard a voice muffled with grief say: *We have just received tragic news: Roosevelt is dead.* Was it the announcer's voice? Or the sudden feeling of shock? The news from the fighting fronts, however brilliant, took on a different light. At the moment, I found it difficult, almost impossible, to follow military events, despite the passion for victory animating us.

I saw Roosevelt only once in my life. It was in Washington, early in July 1939, at a press conference in the White House. After it was over, he received me for a few minutes in private. In the years that followed, I have often recalled the image of the spacious white room opening up on the lawn. It was a hot summer month. Seated in his armchair behind a table, the President seemed relaxed and completely at ease. He was wearing a well-worn jacket that I had often seen in the pictures of him published in our paper. This head of a great democracy gave the impression of a man living in a vast country-house in which nothing ever was lost and everything was in place, a house of excellent and enduring quality which asked of its occupants that they put it to good use.

It was a dramatic day. Twice that same day, the President had lost on test votes in both houses of Congress. The press conference was held during a brief adjournment between sessions. The images that come back to me are from the vocabulary of sport. I say this in no spirit of levity but in an effort to recapture that precious moment. The President replied to the questions asked him with a swiftness and agility like that of the tennis-player. Behind him, government officials busily came and went. But this man, self-possessed and at times ironical, indulged in repartee that made several of the newspapermen who shot their questions at him smile. That was their way of paying tribute. He gave the impression of a man who knew exactly where he was going. I was a foreigner and ill-equipped to follow the details of the debate on whether the law then under discussion would pass or not.

But the essential thing was to know whether this man would win or not. However ill-informed we were in France, we understood that every contest in which he engaged had fundamentally the same stake, even when it involved questions that seemed of relatively minor importance. We knew that this man, who embodied the spirit of American democracy, who continued the high tradition of Abraham Lincoln, realized that a great conflict was under way throughout the world; and that if it ended badly for our side, government of the people, by the people, and for the people would perish from the earth. We knew that this man realized the dangers that were so near to us but still so remote from the American people. He realized that American isolationism aided the enemies of our people and his own; and that he was the man who would overcome this isolationism if only he won the day. So during every congressional debate, at every vote of the Senate, he knew that far more was involved than a matter of taxes or finance, for example. The future of the world was at stake, the future of liberty, the future of the alliance of the American people with all other liberty-loving peoples.

I REMEMBER how I tried to explain this to some cavalry officers in the French army at the beginning of 1940, on the eve of the Nazi invasion. I remember how my words were received. A whole section of French public opinion, avid readers of newspapers like *Gringoire* and *Candide*, raged against President Roosevelt. We did not at that time understand why such papers hated the President of the United States as they did, or why they insulted and vilified him. Later, the subsequent fate of the men who led that campaign made us understand why. But in that cavalry post where I was stationed, some officers who were brave men and who later showed that they knew how to die, believed all that they read in the pro-fascist press. Papers like *Action Francaise* had donned the mask of patriotism and claimed to represent the national interests of France. They were the same ones which ended by preaching submission to Marshal Petain, in other words, to the enemy, and which informed on the true patriots of France, handing them over to the Nazis.

During those terrible June days Paul Reynaud, acting like a man who had lost all self-control, the same Reynaud who had brought Petain the traitor into his government, turned his eyes across the Atlantic to the West and, incapable of halting the Nazi tide, uttered his despairing appeal to President Roosevelt. Even those who belonged to the reactionary clique, who were hostile to the leader of American democracy, but who felt something of the agony of their native land made the name of Roosevelt for a few days synonymous with that of hope. I recall one officer who kept saying a few days before: "Roosevelt, always Roosevelt—they annoy me with their Roosevelt!" How little he then realized that he was a victim of the Nazi propaganda that blasted forth from Radio Stuttgart. That same officer, during the hours that Paris fell, asked me in a choked voice: "And Roosevelt? Do you think he'll be able to do something for us?"

It was not easy to make clear to the American people, inhabiting that vast and far-off country, to whom Europe was but a minor detail on the map of the world that one studies in school, it was not easy to make everyone realize our common danger and the imperative of human solidarity.

We French, whatever our opinions, whatever our past agreements or disagreements with the President of the United States on one question or another, we knew despite the vicious propaganda of the Nazi enemy and those who echoed that propaganda in our own land, that the President of the United States had personally undertaken to solve the life-and-death problems facing us. Without doubt, the sneak Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor decided the fate of the world by arousing America's indignation; without doubt, the President of the United States was the spokesman of a great section of American opinion. But in the high and difficult post he occupied, Franklin Delano Roosevelt appeared to us, as he will go down in history, as the man who loved peace deeply enough to prepare for war, and to lead his people in war against all enemies of peace.

Much has been written about his disappearance just in the final hours before the dawn of victory. But

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Americans must know that the death of this man, who was one of the great organizers of victory, the organizer of the mighty apparatus of American victory, echoes with profound tragedy in French hearts. We in France feel that one of ours has fallen, that he has always been one of ours. He was the continuer of Lincoln, and like Lincoln, his cause was also our cause in France. There are still too many people today who have attempted to stir up distrust betweeen the French people and the people of the United States. And in this great sorrow, in this truly national mourning, we draw closer than ever to our American friends.

We French bow our heads before his grave. It is not a gesture of politeness; it is the natural expression of a brotherhood-in-arms, of brotherhood in humanity. To those who have sought to widen the breach between our peoples we say: let the people of America know that the French people who fought with indomitable courage until American arms were forged and given us, have a long memory and a grateful heart. The anti-American words which some of the irresponsibles and fascist-minded in our midst have tossed in the air have never been the work of the people of France.

In the dead Franklin Delano Roosevelt, we salute the living people of America. We salute the best that is in the American people, which animated Franklin Delano Roosevelt until the last hours in which he drew breath. To the end of his days, he sought with all his might to have the American people fight by the side of the British, the Russians, the Chinese, and by our own side.

No doubt in America too there are those who speak badly of France, who understand nothing of our difficulties, our sorrows, or our heroes. Their voices, my American friends, are stilled for us by the great voice which has just been silenced at Warm Springs; the voice which told his countrymen what, in the face of the monstrous assault upon humanity, their human duties were; the voice which, to our French ears, has always spoken of the community of our two peoples, the welded future of our two nations. To this voice, which always cried: *Vive la France!*, we in France can only reply: *Long Live the United States!*

JOSEPH NORTH *from London*

By cable.

THE flags of the world's largest city are at half mast and on bomb-swept streets the people mourn. Crowds are standing and reading today's papers by jagged walls where proud buildings once stood; they read in stunned disbelief. They've walked with grief for too many years, but this is the greatest loss of all.

When the terrible news was flashed across the sea last night, it was met with shocked consternation. The Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies, the greatest architect of Teheran and the Crimea dead? It could not be. Dead now at a moment of triumph and great challenge? It could not be. When the truth was verified, people mourned as though they had lost one of their own sons.

Veteran American paratroopers in from the front lines, with whom I happened to be last night, broke down and wept when they heard the news as it flew from house to house. "We've lost the best soldier of us all," one of the Americans said. Another from Oregon said, "He was the GI President." Dispatches from the front lines in today's papers tell of the troops advancing on Berlin asking the awed question, "Can it be true? It can't be true!"

Before the House of Commons closed in mourning today, Churchill spoke in a choked voice and his message to Mrs. Roosevelt expressed his feelings: "It is also the loss of the British nation and the cause of freedom in every land. As for myself, I lost a dear and cherished friendship forged in the fire of war."

That's the feeling of London today from 10 Downing Street to the Limehouse docks. Britishers meeting American troops on the streets speak to them in hushed tones as one does to a friend who has lost his father. "We feel the same way you do," they say.

It is the eternal monument to Franklin Roosevelt that the people across the seas love him as we do at home. What he championed and what he died for is as dear to them as to us. He belonged to Britain as well as to America: he was a son of the world. Every British patriot feels as every American. As Harry Pollitt [General Secretary of the British Communist Party] told me this morning, "the death of President Roosevelt is one of the heaviest blows the anti-fascists and democrats have suffered in this war. Upon his leadership and his initiative the cooperation of the USA, USSR and Britain steadily developed and reached a high point at the historic Crimea conference. The best tribute we can pay him is to guarantee the policy of peace and progress and see to it that the aspiration he so eloquently championed, freedom from want, shall reach triumphant fruition in the days to come."

Yes, Britain's proud flag is at half mast today. People mourn for a great and good American who died in battle, a joyous warrior who was theirs as well as ours. Joyous in the battle for man-

Toward The Future

Earl Browder, speaking on behalf of the National Committee of the Communist Political Association, issued the following statement on President Roosevelt's death:

"The world joins in America's grief at the loss of her greatest and most beloved son, who belonged to all peoples of all lands. He could be ill spared. His deep wisdom, which created the coalition that is bringing victory over the powers of darkness, was so badly needed for the completion of the task in a stable peace. His body was broken by the superhuman burden he carried, but his spirit never faltered, his vision never faded—and these he has left to his country as an imperishable legacy. Only now America begins to know how much we depended on this man and how much he gave us.

"We must fill the void of his bodily absence by uniting all America in his spirit and understanding. We must complete his tasks as he would have it done. Upon President Harry S. Truman falls a fateful burden of leadership. All patriots must unite to help him carry on to that goal.

"Bowed in the grief of immeasurable loss, America raises her face to the glorious future revealed to the nation by the great Roosevelt."

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kind's freedom, he will never die; for mankind has decided his ideals shall become the way of the world and they will take nothing less. This is how an American feels three thousand miles from home this fateful day.

RALPH PARKER *from Moscow*

By wireless.

I DON'T think anyone did so much as Franklin D. Roosevelt to convince Soviet opinion that Stalin's point of view about the feasability of a socialist USSR existing in a non-socialist world was correct. He was, since the Revolution, the first political personality of any magnitude in the capitalist world whom the Russians have been able to regard without suspicion, a fact all the more notable because they recognized his power. "There is no doubt," Stalin said to H. G. Wells in 1934, "that of all the captains of the contemporary capitalist world he [Roosevelt] is the strongest." And if since then Soviet public opinion has had occasion to be anxious about the United States' attitude on a variety of subjects, in the Russian view, the causes have lain not in the late President's policy but in those opposed to it.

Soviet admiration began with the restoration of normal relations between the two countries in 1933—one of the first major political acts of President Roosevelt. And as Roosevelt's domestic and foreign policy unfolded, Russians realized that the act was no mere opportunism but a natural expression of the vital interests of the two lands moving each in its own way towards similar ends—alleviation of the conditions of the masses and world peace.

It was natural that as the forces of aggression in Europe and the Far East grew in might and insolence, the Soviet public should have watched with mounting interest Roosevelt's campaign to vitalize American awareness to the danger. His misgivings about the Neutrality Act he signed on May Day, 1937, were well known here and the President was never classed in the Russian mind as one of those who believed that the preservation of world peace was equivalent to avoidance of war. Later the President's attitude towards the Munich agreement and his resistance to Chamberlain's and Daladier's attempt to turn the war against Germany into "a crusade against Bolshevism" further strengthened the Soviet view that the leader of the most powerful capitalist state in the world was their friend.

The implications of this are of enormous portent for the future of world peace and prosperity. If the peoples of the United States and the Soviet Union remain faithful to the views of Roosevelt and Stalin that there is no "natural" antagonism between their countries as a result of different systems of government and that their vital interests necessitate collaboration, then in *Pravda's* words "this war-seasoned friendship will flourish as a truly sublime monument to President Roosevelt."

In their first reaction to the tragic news of the President's death the Russians showed their readiness to stand firmly by America's side in her hour of need. It was symbolized on an official level by the presence of Molotov, Vyshinsky, Lozovsky, Kavtaradze, Maisky from the Foreign Commissariat; Mikoyan and Krutikov from the Foreign Trade Commissariat; and by the presence of General Antonov along with representatives of the army, navy and air force at the memorial service arranged by Ambassador Averell Harriman in the marbled neoclassic hall of his Moscow residence.

Among the people grief was profound and one was conscious too of the feeling that people wanted to express it in a concrete way that could help the people of America. Many Muscovites abandoned their weekend amusement plans and cancelled theater tickets. The black-trimmed flags that drooped in the city over the weekend represented real grief at the passing of greatness. Roosevelt has been held up to the public as a man whose stature topped the events of tremendous historic importance that filled his life as President, "a time of fascist aggression and war in which humanity's fate has been decided," as *Izvestia* wrote. He is seen as a man who fully realized what a fearful threat fascist aggression represented to the freedom and independence of the American people, who understood that a fatal policy of isolation could only be of aid to the instigators of war and could bring the American people to catastrophe. Many newspapers quoted fully from the President's various calls for world solidarity. "Roosevelt repeatedly pointed out that without the unity of the great democratic powers, victory over fascism was unthinkable," wrote *Izvestia*. "All freedom-loving peoples will regard him as an outstanding warrior for the cause of democracy and progress."

He is seen as a man who struggled against enemies throughout his political career. "Great events are the test not only of the firmness of governments, but of policy, of separate parties, and of people. It may be said that the history of the political life of Franklin D. Roosevelt in the pre-war days was a preparation for that outstanding role he has played in the second world war as the organizer of the battle of the American people against fascist aggression and as a leader of the cause of world security. Many times Roosevelt swam against the current and was proved to be right," wrote former Ambassador Alexander Troyanovsky in *Red Star*, and traced the President's career from his successful fight against Tammany Hall onwards: even in the brightest days of Soviet-American relations, the Russians have never lost sight of the fact that the enemies in the USA are numerous and powerful. On the other hand there has never been any tendency to consider the pro-Russian policy of the White House as personal to the President. Rather it was considered along with Franklin Roosevelt's enlightened social policy of the early thirties as evidence of the perspicacity and courage with which the leader of the nation spoke for the people against the will of powerful minority interests. Roosevelt's death, therefore, has not been the occasion for any serious misgivings about the future of American-Soviet relations. The Russians are fully aware of the general desire of the American people to see those relations flourish.

The understanding that Roosevelt and Stalin arrived at during the war was based on mutual respect for each other's aims in war as in peace. On the Russian side, the view of capitalist America had been modifying rapidly since Roosevelt's first election. Enlightenment about Russia may have come somewhat later to America, but every one of Roosevelt's statements in favor of the Soviet Union has carried conviction to Russian listeners, and their admiration of him has been unqualified by suspicion. They saw in him a man who appreciated that they too were moving towards complete democracy, as America was doing under his leadership, though approaching it, no doubt, from different paths.

Ralph Parker, formerly Moscow correspondent of the New York "Times," is now with Overseas Press.

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He Spoke for the Common Man

IN THE field of world policy I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the good neighbor—the neighbor who resolutely respects himself and, because he does so, respects the rights of others—the neighbor who respects his obligations and respects the sanctity of his agreements in and with a world of neighbors.

First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1933

I SEE one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished.

It is not in despair that I paint you that picture. I paint it for you in hope—because the nation, seeing and understanding the injustice in it, proposes to paint it out. We are determined to make every American citizen the subject of his country's interest and concern; and we will never regard any faithful, law-abiding group within our borders as superfluous. The test of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have too much; it is whether we provide enough for those who have too little.

Second Inaugural Address, January 20, 1937

THE peace, the freedom and the security of ninety percent of the population of the world is being jeopardized by the remaining ten percent who are threatening a breakdown of all international order and law. Surely the ninety percent who want to live in peace under law and in accordance with moral standards that have received almost universal acceptance through the centuries, can and must find some way to make their will prevail. . . .

When an epidemic of disease starts to spread, the community approves and joins in a quarantine of the patients in order to protect the health of the community against the spread of the disease.

Address at Chicago, October 5, 1937

THE arts cannot thrive except where men are freed to be themselves and to be in charge of the discipline of their own energies and ardors. The conditions for democracy and for art are one and the same. What we call liberty in politics results in freedom in the arts. There can be no vitality in the works gathered in a museum unless there exists the right of spontaneous life in the society in which the arts are nourished.

A world turned into a stereotype, a society converted into a regiment, a life translated into a routine, make it difficult for either art or artists to survive. Crush individuality in society and you crush art as well. Nourish the conditions of a free life and you nourish the arts, too.

Address at dedication of the Museum of Modern Art, May 10, 1939

IN THE future days which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want, which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants—everywhere in the world.

The fourth is freedom from fear, which, translated into world terms, means a world-wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor—anywhere in the world.

Message to the 77th Congress, January 7, 1941

WE SHALL not be able to claim that we have gained total victory in this war if any vestige of fascism in any of its malignant forms is permitted to survive anywhere in the world.

Message to Congress, September 17, 1943

IN OUR day these economic truths have become accepted as self-evident. We have accepted, so to speak, a second Bill of Rights under which a new basis of security and prosperity can be established for all, regardless of station, race or creed.

Among these are:

The right to a useful and remunerative job in the industries or shops or farms or mines of the nation;

The right to earn enough to provide adequate food and clothing and recreation;

The right of every farmer to raise and sell his products at a return which will give him and his family a decent living;

The right of every businessman, large and small, to trade in an atmosphere of freedom from unfair competition and domination by monopolies at home or abroad;

The right of every family to a decent home;

The right to adequate medical care and the opportunity to achieve and enjoy good health;

The right to adequate protection from the economic fears of old age, sickness, accident and unemployment;

Joseph Konzal.

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Hushed Be the Camps Today

Hushed be the camps today;
And, soldiers, let us drape our war-worn weapons;
And each with musing soul retire, to celebrate,
Our dear commander's death.

No more for him life's stormy conflicts;
Nor victory, nor defeat—no more time's dark events,
Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

But sing, poet, in our name;
Sing of the love we bore him—because you dwellers in camps know it truly.

As they invault the coffin there;
Sing—as they close the earth upon him—one verse,
For the heavy hearts of soldiers.

WALT WHITMAN.

The right to a good education.

All of these rights spell security. And after this war is won we must be prepared to move forward, in the implementation of these rights, to new goals of human happiness and well-being.

Annual Message to Congress, January 11, 1944

SOME of the sources of anti-Semitism in this country were created to serve Hitler's purpose. Let every American look to his own mind and actions so that while we defeat Hitler's armies we also defeat his poisonous propaganda. Whoever condones or participates in anti-Semitism plays Hitler's game. There is no place in the lives or thoughts of true Americans for anti-Semitism.

Letter to Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, February 12, 1944

THE right to vote must be open to our citizens irrespective of race, color or creed, without tax or artificial restriction of any kind. The sooner we get to that basis of political equality, the better it will be for the country as a whole.

Address to Democratic Party Workers, October 5, 1944

TO ASSURE the full realization of the right to a useful and remunerative employment, an adequate program must, and if I have anything to do about it, will, provide America with close to sixty million productive jobs. I foresee an expansion of our peacetime productive capacity that will require new facilities, new plants, new equipment—capable of hiring millions of men.

Chicago Campaign Address, October 28, 1944

THE wedge that the Germans attempted to drive in Western Europe was less dangerous in actual terms of winning the war than the wedges which they are continually attempting to drive between ourselves and our allies. Every little rumor which is intended to weaken our faith in our allies is like an actual enemy agent in our midst—seeking to sabotage our war effort.

IT IS not only a common danger which unites us but a common hope. Ours is an association not of governments but of peoples—and the peoples' hope is peace. Here as in England, in England as in Russia, in Russia as in China, in France and through the Continent of Europe and throughout the world wherever men love freedom, the hope and purpose of peoples are for peace—a peace that is durable and secure.

State of the Nation Message to Congress, January 6, 1945

WE HAVE learned that we cannot live alone, at peace; that our own well-being is dependent upon the well-being of other nations, far away. We have learned that we must live as men, and not as ostriches, nor as dogs in the manger. *Fourth Inaugural Address, January 20, 1945*

NEVER before have the major Allies been more closely united—not only in their war aims but also in their peace aims. And they are determined to continue to be united—to be united with each other—and with all peace-loving nations—so that the ideal of lasting peace will become a reality.

THE structure of world peace cannot be the work of one man, or one party, or one nation; it cannot be just an American peace, or British peace, or a Russian or a French or a Chinese peace. It cannot be a peace of large nations—or of small nations. It must be a peace which rests on the cooperative effort of the whole world.

Address to Congress on Crimea Conference, March 1, 1945

WE SEEK peace—enduring peace. More than an end to war, we want an end to the beginnings of all wars—yes, an end to this brutal, inhuman and thoroughly impractical method of settling the differences between governments. . . .

We must go on to do all in our power to conquer the doubts and the fears, the ignorance and the greed which made this horror possible. . . .

Today we are faced with the preeminent fact that, if civilization is to survive, we must cultivate the science of human relationships—the ability of all peoples, of all kinds, to live together and work together in the same world, at peace.

Let me assure you that my hand is the steadier for the work that is to be done, that I move more firmly into the task, knowing that you—millions and millions of you—are joined with me in the resolve to make this work endure. . . .

The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith.

Undelivered Jefferson Day Address, April, 1945

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Everywhere They Wept

By Joseph Foster

With the first shock came protesting disbelief. The news was too terrible to accept at once. You could see the mark of the inner blow in the faces of the people as they stopped each other on the street, as they gathered in front of stores that had radios, as they hung over car doors grimly listening to dashboard loudspeakers. The President dead? The President? It couldn't be. "Only last week. . . ." "Only yesterday. . . ." The anxious faces, the quivering voices, the refusal to believe. And then when the crushing truth could no longer be avoided, incredulity turned to grief. On all sides men and women, the well dressed and the poor, wept openly and unashamedly.

A boy burst into a grocer's shop in downtown Manhattan and threw a special newspaper edition on the counter.

The huge headlines stared up at the shoppers. They ran out, leaving their bags and groceries behind. Next door, the owner of the stationery shop was talking to some of his customers. "I've been on this spot thirty years and I never saw people carry on so. A girl came in just a while ago, and saw the headline. She started to cry and then ran out of the store and all the way back to her house.

"I know how she feels. Believe me, if it would bring the President back, I'd gladly change places with him." Up the street, the fashionable fish restaurant was all but deserted. Usually there are long lines of people waiting for places, but tonight you could walk in and take any table in the house. The air was still and sombre. A man paying his bill said to the owner, "I never saw it like this before."

The owner nodded. "I'd like to close up and go home myself."

In the subways, the cars were rows of grey-faced people bending over the tragic news. A sailor pointed to a picture of Truman. "I'm afraid of that man," he said. A soldier sitting next to him asked, "How come?" "Well, suppose he don't like Stalin? I put in three years already."

"Don't worry about that, mate," the soldier reassured him, "FDR left a full set of plans behind. This new guy'll know what to do. So will we."

Brownsville, in Brooklyn, the neighborhood that held the first rent strikes and elected the first Socialist representatives to hold office in any state legislature, was packed with weeping, gesticulating people. They were lamenting, "He carried too much. We didn't help him enough, we didn't help him enough!" "He took everything to heart, he worried about everybody." An old man said, "It was too sudden. When he was in Europe we prayed that he would come back to us safely, but now we had no chance to pray."

Old Jews intoned *kadish,* their prayer for the dead. In a rickety house, on a top floor reached by tripping on tattered linoleum, pungent with cat smell, an old couple with grandsons in the Pacific and on the German front conducted the ritual for some twenty neighbors. The old man's voice shook as he mumbled the immemorial prayer. Next to him his aged wife, wearing a freshly laundered apron, her head covered by a *sheitel,* wept as her lips moved with the prayer. When the prayers were finished, the old woman spoke, in Yiddish, "He was a great man, our President, a friend of our people. He deserved to see the end of the cursed Nazis. He worked so hard for a good world, where everybody would have good things to wear and to eat, and would not worry about making a living. He deserved to see victory, and to live out his life afterward, quietly, in a peaceful world. He earned that right. But God saw fit to take him from us, and for his presence among us, we thank the Almighty."

Edith Glaser.

In Harlem too, the people sorrowed openly for the President who had fought most in their behalf since Lincoln. In an empty store some dozen men, women and children were singing "Going Home." Passersby uncovered their heads and stopped to listen. The streets were full, but the bars and night spots were empty. They were empty not only in Harlem but all over the city. In a midtown bar there were only five men, one a soldier with the paratrooper's insignia on his sleeve. In front of him was spread out one of the tabloids. He kept pounding the paper and saying, "Goddam, what a break, Goddam." None of the others spoke. The GI kept pounding the bar until he upset a glass of beer over the paper. The beer spread over the headlines and soaked the paper, but the soldier took no notice. All he said was, "Goddam, what a break." The bartender put a fresh glass of beer before him, but without seeing it, the boy turned and walked out. The other four watched the bartender as he mopped the bar. "I guess he's got a special right to take it hard," the bartender said. "He just come back from a French hospital. One of the 101st Airborne from Bastogne."

One of the four, an old man with a grey straggling mustache and rheumy eyes, recalled how his father used to talk about the death of Lincoln. "When my father was a boy he remembered how they took Lincoln's body from one end of the country to the other. The people wanted a last look at their President. Roosevelt was elected four times by the people of this country. I guess that oughta prove something. Come to think of it, my grandson, just turned seventeen, never knew any other President. I think it would be kinda nice if they did the same now as they did with Lincoln."

The bartender wiped the bar. "Guess I'll close up early. This is one night nobody'll worry about the curfew."

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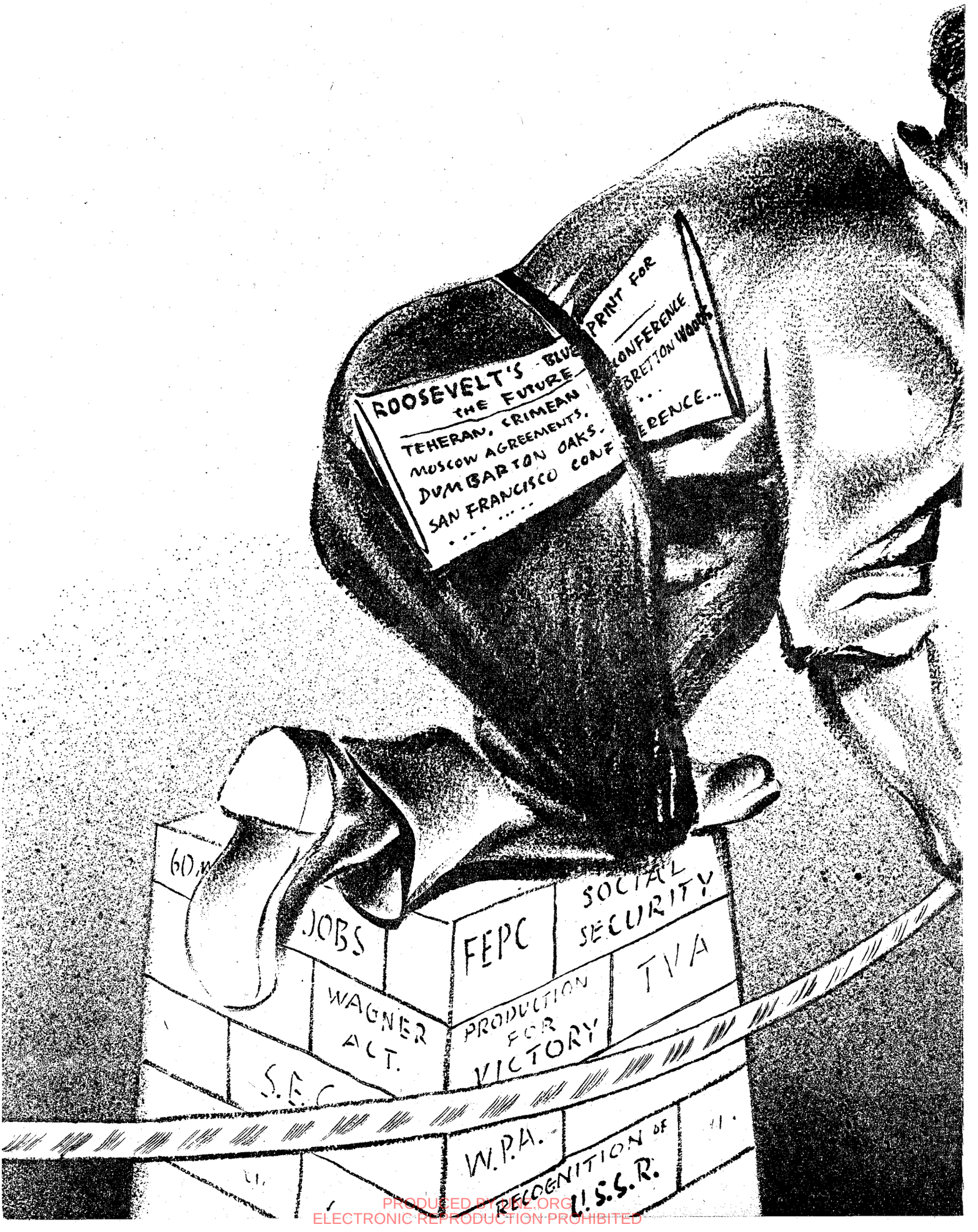

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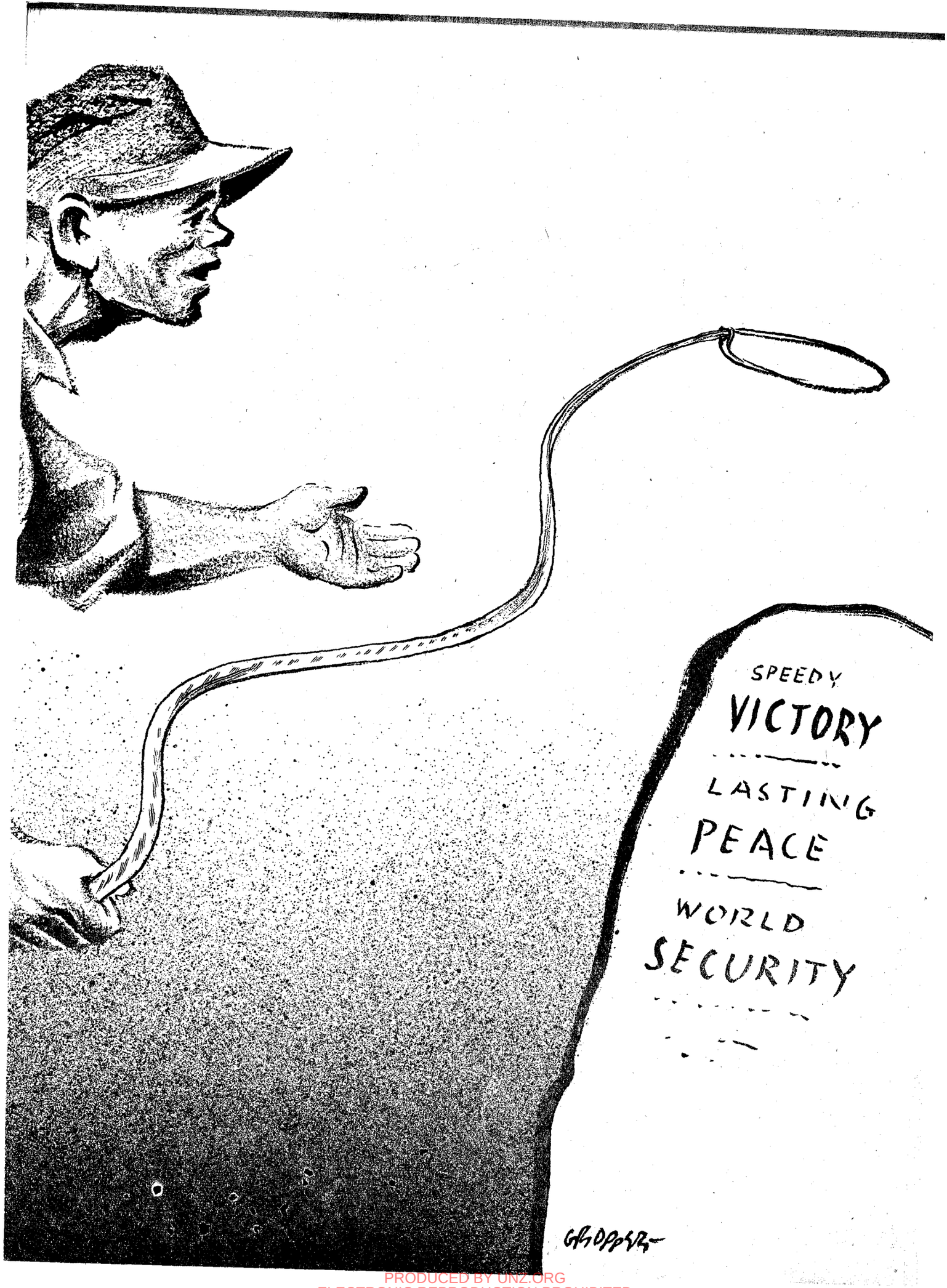

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The Commander-in-Chief

By Colonel T.

"We have learned that we cannot live alone. . . ."
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT,
Fourth inaugural address.

THERE still lingers in the minds of many people the completely erroneous idea that in order to be a great strategist a man must have absorbed one or two twelve-foot shelves of books on military matters ranging from military history to logistics and from military geography to ordnance. People do not know of or do not remember Moltke's definition of strategy as *the application of common sense to an ever changing set of military circumstances.*

A man may not know or remember what mistake Varus made in the battle against Arminius in the Teutoburg Forest and still be able to send his troops crashing through that forest in the direction of Berlin with eminent success. Or he may know to a "t" the mistakes Napoleon made at Leipzig in 1813 and still lose the battle of Leipzig in 1945. Military history does not repeat itself and its lessons are often an impediment if used as a blueprint for contemporary events. It is enough if underlings sweat over the tables of logistics. The master strategist must have common sense and must know how to apply it to that ever shifting set of military common sense.

President Roosevelt showed himself to be a master strategist, even though he probably did not know why Epaminondas at Leuctra had weighted and advanced his left wing, contrary to the tradition of his time, or why Hannibal's center was convex in the initial stage of the battle of Cannae. Capt. Liddell Hart knows all these things and still we would not trust him with the command of a platoon in a contemporary war. President Roosevelt probably did not know these things and still he actually led the American armed forces to their greatest victories, bar none.

THE epigraph of this article tells the story of Roosevelt's contribution to the highest level of military science and art—to the level of military doctrine. The phrase: "We cannot live alone" epitomizes his global outlook on strategy, for if we cannot live alone, then we cannot fight alone. In the words of Max Werner, "President Roosevelt proclaimed that this war is a global and total war of coalition. He eliminated every trace of strategic isolationism in the war. From the very beginning, when the danger of war first appeared and when war actually started, he was unfaltering in his strategic internationalism. He has left to us the heritage of world cooperation."

This is why on the fateful day of April 12, 1945 spiritual taps sounded on all the battlefields of the anti-fascist alliance—in Saxony and Bavaria, in Mecklenburg and Pomerania, in Austria and Bosnia, in Emilia and Gelderland, on the Ryukyus and on Luzon, in Hupeh and in Shensi, near Mandalay and at the mouth of the Gironde. The strategic internationalism of President Roosevelt did more than bind these far flung battlefields into one strategic pattern—it actually brought them into being.

This was Roosevelt's contribution to the doctrine of global warfare, the cornerstone of coalition strategy.

Contrary to the clamor of all the pre-Pearl Harbor isolationists who wanted the Pacific theater to be declared paramount in importance, President Roosevelt as Commander-in-Chief made the fateful and salutary decision which gave precedence to the war in Europe. He recognized, despite the propaganda campaign against it, that Germany was Enemy No. 1, with Japan to be finished off once Germany was defeated.

This was President Roosevelt's principal contribution to the actual conduct of the global struggle. One can see the importance of the decision when one imagines what would have happened in Europe if General Eisenhower had not landed in Africa in November 1942, when the Red Army was battling at Stalingrad and the British were fighting at El Alamein and if American forces had been sent, say, to New Guinea and the Pacific Islands instead. The wisdom of landing in Africa and of conducting the subsequent campaign in the Mediterranean instead of a direct landing in France at the time may be disputed, nevertheless the basic decision to give strategic preference to Plan-E (Europe) as against Plan-P (Pacific) remains as a shining example of the President's strategic vision and foresight.

In connection with the decision on the Pacific theater, it is worth noting, that President Roosevelt always clearly saw that it was not advantageous to the cause of the United Nations to have the Soviet Union embroiled with Japan while Hitler was still the main enemy. Despite the clamor of the half-baked "Pacific isolationists" as well as the outright disrupters of the common war effort of the United Nations, President Roosevelt, for instance, never permitted the shouts for "Russian bases in Siberia" to become virulent enough to cause real trouble.

Walter Lippmann who called Roosevelt "a remarkable strategist" five days *before* the President's death, has this to say on the subject: "The management of this whole affair by Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt is as fine an example of military-diplomatic strategy in global war as one could imagine. They have succeeded in dividing our enemies and in driving them to fight separate wars while they gathered and advanced their own forces, with well-nigh perfect timing for a unified conclusion to the whole war. In Europe the junction of Eisenhower's armies with the Red Army . . . is imminent and will destroy the possibility of a prolonged organized German resistance; in Asia the stage is set for another junction which will make it impossible for Japan to make a successful stand either in her islands or on the Asiatic mainland. . . . Here is the real accomplishment of the conferences at Casablanca, Quebec, Moscow, Cairo, Teheran and Yalta: the forging of a concerted strategy in war and for the period of pacification which we must pass through before the nations can hope to enjoy a settled and ordered peace."

And Mr. Lippmann ends by saying this: "If we do not recognize that he is a great war President, history will."

While I do not go as far as Mr. Lippmann does about the Soviet Union and Japan in view of the fact that the USSR is already making a great contribution by immobilizing half of the Japanese Army on its Far Eastern borders and that this contribution may perhaps prove sufficient, I wholly agree with Mr. Lippmann's appraisal of President Roosevelt as a great strategist. I add to this that President Roosevelt was the mainspring of the drive to create

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armed forces worthy of our Nation. It was he who pushed through Selective Service. His was the effort to make lend-lease an effective method of placing the tools we were able to produce under peace conditions into the hands of men who knew how to use them and who were on the spot where they could use them. Mr. Roosevelt also knew how to choose the men who would put his strategic ideas into practice and transform them into actual battles. Such are only a few of the things Mr. Roosevelt did when history forced him to don armor. Maj. George Fielding Eliot is eminently right when he puts the whole idea into four words: "He gave us victory."

AND now the bugles of many nations sound taps over the battlefields of victory. The armies of the United Nations do not pause in their forward surge to pay tribute to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, even for a minute. They pay their tribute in movement, fire and shock.

As I write the American Ninth and First Armies have reached the arc of the Elbe west of Berlin, between Wittenberg and Dessau. They have even established bridgeheads across the river in preparation for the probable combined assault with Marshal Zhukov on the Berlin fortified area.

The American Third Army in cooperation with the First's right wing has enveloped Leipzig and thus cut the main communications between Berlin and Munich. Patton is hammering against the Fichtel Gebirge which is the western rampart of Czechoslovakia. The British are before Bremen and the Canadians have cut off the Germans in Holland. On the southern wing of the Western Front the Seventh and the French army are painfully, but steadily thrusting toward the Upper Danube through the ancestral domain of Hitler's predecessors—the Hohenzollerns.

On the Eastern Front, the Red Army, faithful to its long standing doctrine that the decisive direction lies on the Danube, has liberated Vienna and is moving in the direction of Linz and the border of Bavaria at Passau for an eventual meeting with General Patch's Seventh Army, a meeting which will cut off Czechoslovakia from the Alpine redoubt. The armies of Marshal Tito have captured Sarajevo and are marching on Brod, bringing up the Soviet extreme left wing. In Italy Field Marshal Alexander is advancing toward the mouth of the Po.

Only a slender vein of communications runs from Berlin via Dresden and Prague to Munich. In the Far East the British are making life miserable for the Japanese in Burma. We have virtually freed the whole of the Philippines (we are actually on all major islands of the group). On Okinawa we are crushing the Japanese against the Asiatic mainland, virtually cancelling their line of empire. Japan itself is being blasted by ever increasing aerial blows. Only in Central China can the Japanese kid themselves into believing that they can still have any military successes.

And on every battlefield from the mouth of the Gironde to the mouth of the Yangtze and from Finnmark to Okinawa men think in reverence of the man who said, "We have learned that we cannot live alone."

Britain is Determined

By Joseph North

London (by cable).

THE last of the ancient little women who clung to their underground quarters in London's cavernous subways have come up toting their pathetic bundles of bedclothes. No bombs have fallen for eleven days; newspapers chronicle the fact rather unbelievingly and the city walks with fingers crossed. The true Londoner appears blase about bombings but the army of evacuated children and mothers hasn't been recalled yet, for who knows, perhaps the stuff may come again from Norway—as today's papers warned. Still, it's been quiet since Good Friday, the newsvendor tells you gravely, concealing his satisfaction under that armor of British imperturbability. Yet in my hotel they haven't, this past fortnight, altered the placard which hangs in the lobby with the legend "Air Raid Signals: All Clear." And in the checkroom, like a relic of a bygone era, a sign still reads: "In the interests of safety, attendant will not check gasmasks."

You read the news of the Nazi sites which were constructed to rain rockets by the thousands over London and which were overrun as the Western armies broke through. "Just in time," Churchill said grimly when he inspected the lethal paraphernalia after his recent tour east of the Rhine. Some day the full dire story of the V-2s will be told; but as one Londoner remarked to me today, "If the Western Front had been delayed a couple of more months, God help England."

Whether or not the bombs still come in some act of infinite spite, as some believe they will (the Britisher will meet the eventuality with the same calm he showed before), London today is in a mood of suspended exaltation. Eight millions are painfully awaiting word of V-E Day, for the press with its all-too-frequent irresponsibility had said a fortnight ago: It's any minute now, folks. Big Ben has ticked off many a minute since then and the cannon still roar from both sides of Berlin. Still, everybody knows the end in Europe is near and the government has announced a two-day holiday when it comes, and Piccadilly Circus is ready. The people wait and though you cannot cite the proverb "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick" to Londoners whose hearts have turned to oak these wartime years, still they await the twelfth hour with something less than traditional British *sang froid*.

Yes, the ancient Mrs. Smithers coming up from the subways with her gear and with her son at the front vows there never again will be another holocaust; diplomats and journalists are en route to San Francisco. And Berlin is burning. All of which is no coincidence. Britain's Mrs. Smithers concurs with Viscount Hinchingbrooke, M.P., who writes in a significant symposium about Yalta in the current *Labour Monthly:* "I firmly believe that the fighting generation of every land is determined to outlaw war. They have both the example of faith and the example of failure of a former generation to guide them." And Sir Geoffrey Mander, M.P., says in the same symposium: "One good thing about V-bombs is that they have killed the isolationist movement in all countries." Hamilton Kerr, M.P., continues: "If military science is able within the space of twenty years to submit the capital city of Washington, the forges of Pittsburgh and the assembly lines of Detroit to continuous and merciless bombardment then the Americans must likewise look to Yalta as a guarantee to their own security."

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This is how responsible Parliamentarians, Tory or Labor, look at it and Mrs. Smithers' son and Viscount Hinchingbrooke are brothers under the skin today. But there are still too many in Britain, as there are in America, who flout the tragedies of yesterday and who bumble along counter to the popular and national welfare. Too many must yet learn, as Sir Geoffrey Mander warns: "As soon as the war is over, efforts which Germans already are making to sow dissension among the Allies will be greatly intensified. They will seize every opportunity to exaggerate the natural differences that are bound to arise and fan the fires of political and religious differences in order to prevent the Crimea decisions from being carried out in practice."

Which brings me to the phenomenon that occurred here this past fortnight bearing a moral we may ignore only at our peril and that of the coming generations. You may recall that I commented in my article about the Yalta debate in Parliament that despite the 413 to 0 vote, the anti-Crimeans gained a partial objective: they signalled to their opposite numbers across the water that their fight isn't over by a long shot. Well, last week they came out in full pack—werewolves on a superinternational scale bent on devouring the San Francisco Conference. Because I believe their work isn't finished and that they will try once again and more, I feel it necessary to detail what happened.

All of a sudden the scattered potshots at Yalta, the cracks about the Polish agreement, the sniping at the voting system and all the rest you know too well took on an amazing synchronization. "SAN FIASCO," Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail* was headlined. (Remember this paper once supported Mosley.) Unctuously it wrote: "It would be ironical indeed if for want of more thought, care and preparation the San Francisco Conference should become known as the San Fiasco Conference." The next day its New York correspondent cabled back breathlessly that the editorial had been reprinted in the States and then innocently observed: "The old isolationist press is indulging in broadsides of defeatism and cynicism and gloating noisily over the differences among the Allies." The *Sunday Times* (not to be confused with the London *Times*) pontificated on April Fool's Day: "An accumulation of surprises and disappointments since Yalta has clouded the San Francsico prospects." And to top it off some liberals joined the din. "Postpone Frisco!" exclaimed the *News Chronicle,* which is generally sound. "Not because we don't want a world security plan," it explained apologetically, "but because we want to make sure we get the right one." Perfectionism played its historic part: it joined defeatism. To its credit the *Daily Herald* decried the postponement and chided the *News Chronicle,* asking what the devil it was doing in the same gallery with the *Mail.* But side by side with its editorial against the postponement the *Herald* carried an article by its foreign editor William Towler who asked: "Why all this harping about the menace of Germany, just at a time when she is being crushed so thoroughly that there seems little chance of her survival in fifty or a hundred years?" And assailing Moscow's desire to utilize every possible means to guarantee against any possible future German aggression he wrote: "And if we go behind the new League's back and make alliances covering all the contingencies for the coming century who can say where the next Hitler (or Napoleon or Frederick the Great or Ghengis Khan or Attila) will spring up?" Get it?

And here is the dreadful payoff: a Berlin broadcaster proclaimed in the midst of this saturnalia and I quote: "International political changes may yet save Germany. The threads within London, Washington and Moscow are tense and at the breaking point." So hold out, Germans. And so the European theater continues to flame and thousands more Tommies and Yanks and Russians die. Think it over when you consider the war criminals.

TOWARD the week's close the torrent of cynicism and misrepresentation died down. It was as though somebody had suddenly turned off the spigot. The obvious attempt to stampede the nation into a hostile attitude toward Frisco was scotched by Stettinius' forthright declarations that the conference would be held, by Senator McCormick's statement that "It would be successful" and by David Zaslavsky's from Moscow that "The conference is being convened at the right time from every viewpoint." It will meet "despite thousands of intrigues by the German fascists and advocates in their defense," Zaslavsky was quoted here. And the news of Moscow's denunciation of the Japanese pack fell like a blockbuster upon the perfectionist and pro-fascist alike.

Today the motley anti-Frisco brigade is quiet. For the time being. It evidently felt it was exposing itself and giving away its game and considered it wisest to shut up for a while, and mark time. It pulled in its horns when at about the height of the campaign the London *Times* carried a dispatch from its Washington correspondent: "General feeling here seems to be that various questions which at present vex the Anglo-American-Russian relations are not of a nature to disturb that massive collaboration which is bringing victory over Germany into sight." But the werewolves did their damage.

The American press does not arrive here for some weeks after publication but from the brief excerpts in the London papers I can imagine we saw the same pattern. I don't know whether the anti-Frisco hysterics died down at home, but I would guess they did and for the same reasons they did here. But what happened merits the fullest study of all concerned. A copy of the New York *Daily Worker* with a column by Adam Lapin just came to hand. I believe it is significant that, a she revealed a month or more ago, Gerald L. K. Smith could write in his *Cross and the Flag:* "I cannot divulge much of what I learned in Washington. I expect an explosion. The facts will be divulged from the floor of the United States Senate, which may blow up the whole treasonable scheme of international government and world imperialism." Recalling the old plottings that went on between the America Firsters with their avowed fascists and their allies inside Congress to sabotage the peace conference and win easy terms for Germany, I can surmise the degree to which coincidence operated.

The moral for all patriots in Britain as well as in America is, it appears to me, this: Don't be stampeded into defeatism, pessimism, because differences emerge among the Big Three. In speaking with a liberal Londoner affected by the dismal propaganda, I reminded him of Stalin's statement last November: "Differences, of course, exist. Differences can exist even among members of the same party. All the more must there be some differences among representatives of different states and different parties. There has been no more serious differences between us than the differences about the opening of the Second Front, and this was ultimately settled in a spirit of complete agreement." And Stalin concluded in words that may well be pasted in the hats of all well-meaning skeptics: "We need not doubt that as the alliance of great powers has stood the test of more than three years of war and as it has led to victory peoples which have arisen in defense of their freedom

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and honor, so it will stand the test in the concluding stages of the war." The scope of the agreement is infinitely greater than the difference and only the blind and naive cannot see it.

In brief the picture as I see it here is this: the lineup on San Francisco corresponds roughly to that in the States. Britain, like the USA, has its share of anti-Crimeans who will picture every difference as an insurmountable Alp. These groups have strength, don't mistake that. The situation here is further complicated by the cynicism a good section of big business feels at the possibility of arriving at equable agreements for postwar trade with their opposite numbers in America. And until these economic doubts are resolved such episodes as that in Greece will happen with the aim of strengthening the imperial highways and strongpoints to guarantee Empire preferential practices. The Greek solutions, among their other harmful effects, provide fuel for the anti-Crimeans of the "left"—Aneurin Bevin and the Independent Labor Party—who have to all practical purposes closed the ranks with the unreconstructed Tories over questions of San Francisco. This combined left and Tory opposition presents a solidly hostile front to the Crimean agreements. Fortunately, it has no mass following, but many of its members are strategically placed in various parties (and in organs of public information) and they can do incalculable harm to the imperative postwar relations.

Now this is what troubles the passing observer like myself: my two months here convince me that Britain is overwhelmingly for Yalta. But the man from Mars or even the man from New York would, if guided solely by the press, come to strange conclusions. Carpers and saboteurs take the offensive; one hears their raucous chorus more than often enough. Why don't the men behind Yalta beat them to the punch? What is necessary here, it seems to me, is the unification of all pro-Crimeans regardless of their past. The yardstick cannot be "left" or "right" in political relations today. But unfortunately Britain is heading into an electoral campaign where the issue continues to be present as Tory versus Labor. But there are anti-Crimean Tories and anti-Crimean Laborites. Yet the decisive sections of business and labor want good international relations and are for an expanding economy and a durable peace. One may well ask if Churchill wouldn't adopt a different course on any number of issues if his hand were strengthened against the anti-Crimeans in his own party. The differences over the interpretation of the plain English in the Yalta clause on Poland would undoubtedly have been straightened out if the anti-Yalta groupings in his party had been weakened. This goes for the Labor Party too, where consistent propaganda on behalf of the Arciszewski colonels had wrought its damage and strengthened the "rebel" Tories of Captain McEwen and those they represent.

Joseph North

The need for domestic as well as international unity for a prosperous, peaceful postwar world is envisaged by Churchill: it is understood, I am told, by men in the know among the more foresighted of Labor Party leaders. It is the essential reality behind the pre-election jockeying now going on. The coalition government, regardless of the newspaper scareheads, will not disband before Hitler is totally destroyed; but the way things are moving now it will before Hirohito goes. It will not disband before the European phase ends because all patriotic groupings realize the dissolution would damage the war effort. Will it be less serious with the Far Eastern battles still to be won? And yet because the practice now is to cling to outmoded political approaches, the electoral contest is proceeding on "left-right" lines to the detriment of maximum Anglo-American-Soviet collaboration and its concomittant perspective of postwar domestic abundance.

For all these reasons one might question the slogan of a postwar coalition based upon labor-progressive victory at the polls. That slogan is advanced by the most foresighted sections of labor who realize the continued need for national unity in the postwar; but it seems to me to continue the right-left approach. Does it not strengthen the Tory anti-Crimeans in the course of the election by permitting them to conjure up the Conservative Party loyalties against the labor-progressive coalition—a coalition incidentally which has yet to be effected? Anti-Crimeans among labor leaders are more apprehensive of labor-progressive unity which would include Communists than they are of a Tory majority.

Briefly, it seems to me, a daring, imaginative campaign to illumine all the perspectives and requirements of Crimea is a *sine qua non;* mankind has moved into a new era and new approaches are imperative. That must be made clear to intelligent and honest men of all classes. The London *Daily Worker* has begun such a campaign, but more is needed. I would like to see an official campaign here to explain Dumbarton Oaks and the propositions of the Bretton Woods Conference and the meaning of the Crimea Conference such as is being carried on, to a degree, in the States, if I read aright the skeletonized dispatches from America. Outside of the London *Times, Reynolds News,* the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Worker,* most of the press is patchy; some are downright malevolent like the *Mail* and do a big job of distorting the realities of the British scene as well as those abroad. Poor fare for a people yearning for one world, abundance, enduring peace.

I cite all the above as threats to the fundamentals that obtain here: harmony among most on the musts of today. More enlightenment, however, I feel is necessary to transform the almost unanimous but somewhat passive acceptance of the Yalta concord. That harmony must be rendered unbreakable; must become dynamic, crusading. For all men of good will must see that the problems of peace, no less than those of war, will be complex and difficult; but they must see too that they are problems of growth, of life. And they can be solved only by projecting into tomorrow the victorious coalition of today. After all Clausewitz said war is the continuation of politics by other means; there is no reason why the peace cannot be a continuation of wartime politics. But ah, my liberal friend, the skeptic continues to maintain, the common enemy has been destroyed, the unifying force is lost. And my reply is that today's common enemy will be replaced by another: by the fuehrer of poverty and his *Oberleutnanten* hunger and chaos, all of whom would lead us into World War III. Crimea has laid the basis for the unity to annihilate them as Fuehrer Hitler is being annihilated; and Frisco grew out of Yalta.

The spectacle here of the past fortnight impels me to reiterate these fundamental truths: London is as necessary a place of saying two and two makes four as New York is, and I am sure Mrs. Smithers, abandoning her troglodyte's existence with her pack of pillows and blankets, would agree. I know her son who is nearing Berlin would.

Editor Joseph North will be writing his next communications for NEW MASSES *from Paris.*

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Argentina and San Francisco

By Virginia Gardner

Washington.

"IF ARGENTINA is invited to the San Francisco Conference, it would then be necessary at future conferences to invite Franco, because according to this policy, if Franco declared war against Japan there would be no reason for not inviting him. And so, in fact, international fascism would have lost the war and won the peace."

It was Lombardo talking—the outstanding leader of Mexican and Latin American labor, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, president of the Confederation of Latin American Workers (CTAL).

It was two days after Secretary of State Stettinius announced that the United States and nineteen other American republics had decided to resume normal diplomatic relations with Argentina that I succeeded in getting an interview with Lombardo. I had arrived early for my appointment and was wandering across the lobby when I ran into the party. Marion Bachrach, executive secretary of the Council for Pan American Democracy, who will accompany the Lombardo family to San Francisco, acted as interpreter, because while Lombardo speaks English he wanted to talk in Spanish "to save time." Mrs. Bachrach introduced me to his wife and daughter. Lombardo looks older than he appears in photographs. His hair is sprinkled with gray. His face has more lines, and more character and mobility, than his pictures indicate.

We seated ourselves in the lobby of the luxurious Wardman Park Hotel where he and all the other delegates to the meeting of the Administrative Committee of the World Trade Union Conference were staying. I began by telling him I would like to ask him about Argentina, and about the prospects for international collaboration which would result in industrial health for the Latin American countries, despite the faults of the Chapultepec economic agreements. Two complicated subjects, he said. (A later article will deal with the second half of the interview.)

"THE agreement at Mexico City to invite the Argentine government to sign the resolutions and decisions reached there, and by this means to obtain for Argentina the recognition of the South American republics—and possibly an invitation to San Francisco—creates a profound dissatisfaction and confusion among all the progressive forces in Latin America," said Lombardo Toledano.

The sombre dark eyes in the strong and massive but classically beautiful Latin face glanced, apparently unseeing, out of the long French doors and across the terraced grounds of the hotel alight with flowering pink and white dogwood trees.

"This disagreeable situation exists despite the fact that only a few weeks before the conference, Mr. Stettinius and the State Department expressed in the strongest of terms their dissatisfaction with the government of Argentina," he went on. "Among the Latin American governments the only one which through its Foreign Office expressed itself in unequivocal terms, or terms on a par with those of Mr. Stettinius, was the government of Mexico.

"And to the surprise of the whole world it was precisely these governments which, according to newspaper sources, took the initiative in extending the invitation to Argentina. In consequence all the world also attributes to these two governments the change in policy toward the Argentine fascist government."

The resolution itself Lombardo finds "an extremely strange document" containing great contradictions. In its preamble it states that because the government of Argentina has not changed in any way, it is decided not to invite her to participate at Chapultepec. But farther on the resolution says that the presence of Argentina in the life of the republics is indispensable, as, it is implied, it is to meetings of American republics in the future and at San Francisco—so they are inviting Argentina to sign the agreements.

"In other words, conditions laid down for Argentina's participation in the life of the continent," said Lombardo, hammering his point home with the pipe, "are purely formal. It is of no concern whether the government of Argentina is a fascist government or not. The only thing that matters to the other republics is that it *appear* as an anti-fascist government, although there continues in power as notoriously tyrannical and fascistic a government as the Peron government."

But he was not finished. His voice never rising, except with the natural rise and fall of the Spanish inflection, he continued. What about our propaganda of the last few years? he asked. He used the word "propaganda" as a legitimate, proud word. "We declared that our unity should be a unity of anti-fascist forces. Now this resolution destroys it."

But he does not explain what has happened in cynical terms. His opinion differs from the most common explanations. "The truth is that a great majority of the governments of Latin America are anti-fascist. But it is equally certain that these governments do not wish that the international policies of the continent should be imposed on them unilaterally by the United States."

Never once did the State Department consult with all the governments in an effort to take common action against Argentina. The United States attempted to "struggle with Argentine fascism all by itself." It is that simple. In other words, because the United States, when it was taking the correct position against Argentine fascism, made no effort to do so jointly, the Latin American governments took the opposite policy—and for this reason only. And victory went to Argentina and the fascist forces.

I asked if our failure to solve contradictions between American and British interests were a factor, and he said, "Only a minor factor. Britain has only a limited and indirect influence in other Latin American countries—in Bolivia, and Paraguay, and maybe Brazil, there is some."

Nevertheless, Lombardo believes that the decisions made do not represent a political affinity with the Argentinian government, and that despite the bad effects, there do exist possibilities that influences may be brought to bear to change the character of the government.

"Regardless of what the governments do, the organized political forces and movements in Latin America will continue their struggle against the Argentine government," he said. "We in the Confederation of Latin American Workers have just received another request from the labor movement of Argentina and the democratic resistance movement asking us to continue our struggle against the government. Especially do we hope," he concluded, "that it will not be invited to San Francisco, because apart from the special danger it would represent in South America, it would have bad consequences in all the world."

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REVIEW and COMMENT

The Jacobin Kant

By Joel Bradford

WHEN the Red Army completed the liberation of Koenigsberg, it liberated there not only a city but a spirit. I am not sure that it is the spirit of Koenigsberg, and I am sure that it is not the spirit of Prussia. It is, however, indubitably the spirit of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, which had emigrated secretly (so one must suppose) from London and Paris, to find in that remote and chilly region a local habitation and a name. The name was that of Immanuel Kant; the habitation was a small, frail body with a "remarkably brachycephalic" skull.

Everything about Kant conspired to make him as odd and captivating in personality as he was obscure and formidable in thought. Turgid and voluminous as a writer, he yet contrived to be a charming conversationalist and, according to his students' account, a witty lecturer. Immensely sober in his public deportment, he was nevertheless a health-addict, with all the carefree eccentricity that that implies.

If you had been a neighbor of Kant's, let us say about the year 1775, looking out your window at precisely four o'clock of an afternoon, you would have seen Kant's door open, and two extraordinary figures emerge. The little man with the big head walks briskly along, followed, at a respectful distance, by Lampe, his servant—a former Prussian grenadier, tall, straight and unfathomably stupid. The little man is demonstrating his conviction that good health requires as many muscles of the body as possible to be exercised. He therefore breathes in tremendous gulpings of air, and waves his arms about. The neighbors have been careful to set their clocks. They are perhaps unaware that Kant is working out the Critical Philosophy, but they know he knows what time it is.

These punctual athletics presented Kant with a peculiar practical problem. According to the mode of those days, men wore knee-breeches and long stockings, which were held up by bands of elastic just above the knee. Now Kant was of the opinion that a band of elastic so placed might interfere dangerously with the circulation of the blood. To achieve the union of decorum and good health was thus difficult, but Kant managed it. In the pockets of his breeches he cut holes, and through those holes he suspended strings. One end of each string was attached to a little hook, which in turn was attached to the stocking-top; the other end of the string was wound around a sort of small windlass, by which it could be stretched to the desired tension.

Kant's anxiety over his own health has, in fact, been suggested as a partial explanation of the *Critique of Pure Reason*. That work, which for obscurity is surpassed only by Hegel's *Greater Logic*, seems to exhibit a neat architecture imposed upon obstinately formless material. Prof. Kemp Smith accordingly proposed the theory that Kant, in expectation of approaching death, had quickly assembled various writings, notes and jottings, and had tried to give them some kind of expository sequence. This theory, which was propounded in one volume, has now been demolished by Professor Paton in two.

BOURGEOIS philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries developed in two apparently conflicting traditions: a rationalist one, which proposed to evolve its world-view by deduction from one basic self-evident truth, and an empirical one, which held fast to the data of immediate sense experience. On the one hand, you have Descartes and the *Cogito* principle; and on the other, you have Locke affirming, very sensibly, that "if I myself see a man walking on the ice, it is past probability, it is knowledge."

Now, Kant set out to reconcile these two traditions. His empiricism is a very rare thing among German philosophers and has often been ascribed genetically (and unpersuasively) to the fact that his grandfather was a Scotchman. However this may be, the empiricism is there, and it is obvious. "There can be no doubt that all our knowledge begins with experience." It is the very first sentence of the *Critique of Pure Reason*.

The *Critique* then goes on to explain what the phrase "begins with experience" means. It means that I have no knowledge until experience gives me some sense-data which can be known. But although experience provides the sensory content, it does not provide the form. In Kant's view, colors, sounds, tastes, and so forth, are presented in a time sequence, but otherwise formlessly as a mere "manifold." The mind's task is to make sense, as one might say, of all this amorphous content. This it does by imposing certain moulds upon the gelatin, and among those "moulds" the most important is the scientific principle of cause and effect.

At this point, as you will have guessed, the rationalist tradition manifests itself. The Scottish philosopher, David Hume, who, in Kant's most famous phrase, "woke me from my dogmatic slumbers," seemed to have shown that causation is not a thing which can be observed. You see the swing of the leg and the flight of the football, but you have no sensation whatever of the leg-swing *causing* the football's flight. With this view Kant thoroughly agreed, but at the same time he regarded causality as a principle without which science would collapse. He proposed, therefore, to rescue science by showing that the cause and effect relationship is actually true of the world. Since he agreed with Hume that no such principle could be *inferred from* experience, he hit upon the ingenious device of reversing the argument and of asserting that the principle must necessarily be *applicable to* experience. The swing of the leg and the flight of the football make no real sense unless I can consider them as causally connected.

Thus it is because the mind has to think in a certain way that experience has the order, the logical coherence which it exhibits. Without sensations, experience would have no content; without the mind, it would have no form.

KNOWLEDGE begins with experience, and it also ends there. The whole point of the critique of reason lies in showing that, when reason tries to pass beyond the reach of possible sense ex-

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perience, it enters a world of illusion, where nothing can be proved. In this world will be found such questions as whether there exists a substantial human soul, whether the universe had a beginning in time, and whether there is a Deity. For this a certain professor of theology, named Ulrich, was fond of interjecting into his lectures in those days the following fervid utterance: "Kant, I will be a thorn in thy flesh! Kantians, I will be your pestilence!" And after Kant published his little book on religion in 1793, the Prussian government forbade him to write any more upon that subject.

This disposal of religious questions as problems which cannot be solved may be understood, I think, as an announcement that the basic social struggles had completely broken out of the religious shell which had encased them in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Kant's argument offered fairly cogent proof for the view that religion is properly one's own private affair.

In this respect, the main doctrine of the *Critique of Pure Reason* is a landmark of liberty worthy to rank with Descartes' four rules of method and Spinoza's polemic against final causes.

Kant could not, however, overcome the limitations of bourgeois philosophy. Among these limitations none is more important than the sometimes secret, sometimes overt solipsism which runs through that entire body of thought. Each of those philosophers felt certain of his own existence, with the possible exception of Hume, who was inclined to doubt even that. Some of them, however, were extremely doubtful of the independent existence of the world around them, and others, though crediting the existence of such a world, found the fact impossible to prove. Indeed, this condition still obtains. It is only four years since I heard a distinguished American philosopher, in the presence of some two hundred other philosophers, cast doubt upon the existence of other minds than his own.

At any rate, according to the Kantian theory, we appear to have a multitude of knowing minds, which receive, however, different sense-data. What makes a community of experience possible is thus not the existence of a common world, but the fact that all the minds think alike, so far as they think scientifically. This is a feeble base on which to rest the solution of so large a problem, and it falls very far short of the essential truth that nature is prior to consciousness. It still reserves to the mind the task of bestowing order upon the world, instead of accepting the world as already a system with an order of its own.

The same difficulty reappears in Kant's ethical theory, in that sublimely impenetrable concept, the Categorical Imperative. According to Kant, who was, as usual, in search of unconditional principles, you can never justify an act because of its consequences. You may say, this act is good because it will make other people happy; but the act will in fact be good only *if* making other people happy is a good thing. As long as you think in terms of aims, purposes, consequences, you can never get beyond that *if*. You can never reach the unconditional.

Having thus dismissed consequences, Kant was thrown back upon motives as the source of moral excellence. And Kant thought he found what he wanted in the accord which can exist between the motive prompting an act and the moral law governing it. In order to purge decision of every possible bias, of every enticement of desire, the agent must examine his own conduct from a universal point of view. He must ask himself the question, "What would happen, if everyone were to do what I now intend to do?"

I THINK, for my own part, that Kant was by no means clear about this universality, and the four illustrations he gives of it do not illustrate the same principle. The question is rather academic, for no one, except perhaps Kant himself, has ever been able to manage his life according to the Categorical Imperative. But the dismissal of consequences and the acceptance of motives as the source of morality throws the argument back into the same private, personal, subjective world where lie the forms of knowledge.

All this, I suggest, is a way of saying that a society of private entrepreneurs, adopting Individualism as its reigning philosophical concept, had neither the means nor the wish to overcome the limitations of that idea. A reigning concept is first marvelled at, then applied to all possible areas, and at last unconsciously presupposed as the natural way of thinking. When it begins to develop contradictions and absurdities, people say, "What a frail thing knowledge is!" or "How inscrutable is the essence of things!" or "Doubting is the only safe course." Kant's philosophy is worth study, if only because he contrived to get the whole of bourgeois thought into it, and in the mutual repulsion of its contradictory parts we can see a great deal of what is wrong with it.

Kant is the summation of the Enlightenment. He is Reason criticizing herself. He is the Enlightenment enlightening itself and learning the imperfection of its methods. He is the transition to Romantic philosophy also, as in his old, old age he discovered dimly and with some horror. And one can record with the keenest pleasure that he likewise made his own the noblest political ideals of his time. For he was, among other things, a disciple of Rousseau.

At the time of the American Revolution, Kant observed that the political ideas which England herself had produced were now turning back upon her. The English "will now become the subjects of their subjects, and must let these latter rid themselves of the burden of alien rule."

He was likewise remarkably aware of the workings of colonial policy. He notes the introduction of foreign soldiery into East India under the pretext of protecting commercial establishments, but with the effect of spreading far and wide "wars, starvation, insurrection, sedition, and, as it were, the litany of all evils which can oppress the human race." His admiration of England as the model of bourgeois ascendancy was thus tempered by some realization of early capitalist operations in the "backward areas." For its time his judgment was, I should say, extremely shrewd: "The English nation is the most precious body of men, regarded in their relations to one another. But as a state, considered in relation to other states, it is the most pernicious, the most ambitious and the most warlike of all."

News of the French Revolution aroused in Koenigsberg the same enthusiasm which swept all Europe in the first days. We get charming glimpses of the Duchess von Gotha setting up busts of revolutionary heroes in her apartments, of aristocratic ladies decorating themselves with the tricolor, of the military band of the Potsdam *Gardes du Corps* playing the *Ca Ira*, and of the rector of a Berlin *gymnasium* praising the Revolution in his address on the king's birthday.

When the first enthusiasm wore off and aristocrats discovered what the revolution was really about, Jacobin opinions became immediately suspect. But our philosopher, now almost seventy, disdained to conceal his loyalties. His colleague at the University of Koenigsberg, a professor of medicine named Metzger,

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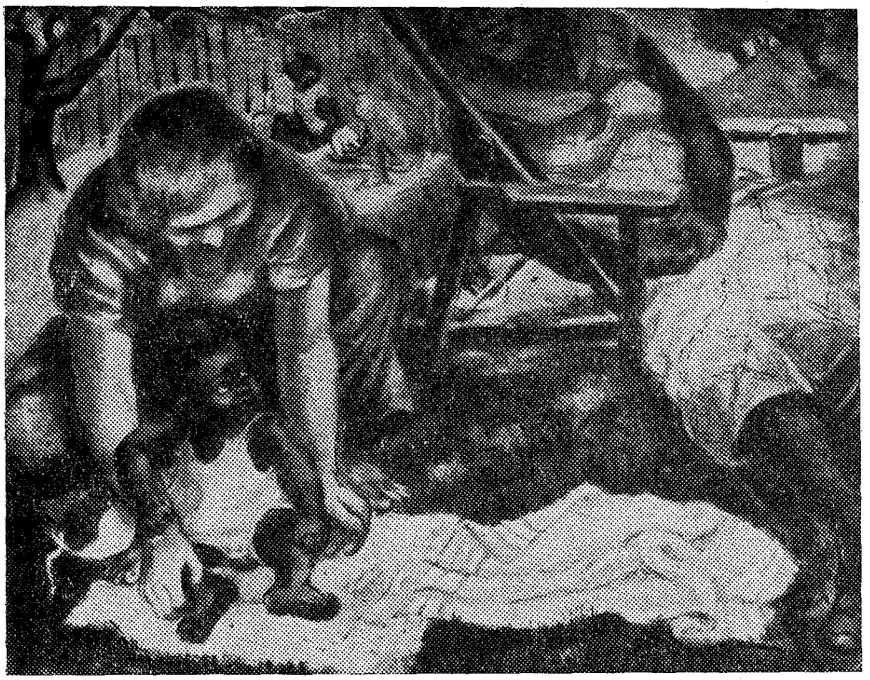

"Neighbors," by Lena Gurr. At the ACA Gallery until April 28.

remarked in later years upon "the candor and intrepidity with which Kant defended his favorable opinions about the French Revolution against everybody, even men of the highest positions in the state."

IN REVOLUTIONS there comes a time when the new world has to defend itself with arms against violent attack by the old. And when this happens, there are always "revolutionaries" who begin by lamenting the inhumanity of such acts and end by howling that the revolution has been betrayed. Such a time was the period known (especially to aristocratic historians) as "The Reign of Terror." Kant's opinion, as reported by the publisher Nicolovius, was that "all the horror now happening in France is trifling by comparison with the evil of despotism which lately existed there, and that in all probability the Jacobins have acted rightly in what they are now doing."

Thus the great man grew into a marvelous old age, seeing the future all in birth around him, and looking toward the nineteenth century, when, as he said, "I think there will be no more kings." His lectures at the university continued. There were still the weekly luncheons when he took his guests, as his custom was, through the three levels of conversation—from gossip to politics to philosophy. There was still the daily walk, though not with Lampe, whose major stupidities and minor thefts had forced a termination of employment. Other books came out: the *Anthropology*, the *Logic*, and the little treatise *Towards Eternal Peace*. In this last he sketched a system of international collaboration founded upon the belief that such a system would arise, when it did arise, out of the natural needs of men as well as out of their ideal desires.

His care of health had served him well, and it was not until the end of 1803, when he was nearing eighty, that he began to feel the actual touch of death. There was no definable disease, just a gentle dissolution. On February 12, 1804, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, he died. "It was," said his friend Wasianski, who witnessed it, "a leaving off of life, not a forcible act of nature."

The harness-maker's son had become a great man; and the great man, for all his Jacobinism, had become a public hero. A vast procession of notables, students and commoners followed his coffin to the *Universitaetskirche*, where, just to the north, lay the academic burial-ground.

Can it be that under that earth, whose surface has seen abominations, Kant's spirit stirs restlessly to greet the approaching hope? I think one may imagine so, and that his gaze turns westward, too. For the Russians would not be meeting Kant in Koenigsberg, if the British and French and American armies were not moving in from the west. The grand coalition which liberates Europe bears in itself the expectation and the means of future peace.

The oval plate on Kant's coffin has an inscription in fairly pompous Latin:

Cineres mortales immortalis Kantii
Orbi datus, XXII Aprilis 1724,
*Ereptus XII Febr. 1804**

Ereptus? Well, not quite. For we have found him again, and we shall keep him —*Zum Ewigen Frieden.*

Malice and Muddle

VERDICT ON INDIA, *by Beverley Nichols. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.*
STRANGERS IN INDIA, *by Penderel Moon. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.*

IN "VERDICT ON INDIA" Beverley Nichols trots out the customary list of faults of Indian society and the Indian people which alone, according to him, prevent India's freedom. To the caste system, religious conflict, superstition, internal disunity, etc., Mr. Nichols adds some malicious twists of his own, accusing the majority of the Indians, without a shred of evidence, of coveting the wealth of the small community of Parsees—"thousands of fingers are itching to get at their gold—the Parsees would do well to pay heed." No mention of the fact that the Parsee Dadabhi Naoroji was one of the founders of the Indian National Congress; that other Parsees have been leaders of the Congress throughout its existence; that today the Parsee Tatas, whom he eulogizes, support the Congress.

The distortions and outright lies in Mr. Nichols' book are climaxed by the sensationalism of his charges that the Indian National Congress is "the only 100 percent full-blooded, uncompromising example of undiluted fascism in the modern world," that Gandhi is a dictator, that Nehru is "the leader of Indian fascism." Mr. Nichols reaches this conclusion because all Congressmen wear a particular kind of cap, because a Congress leader has been addressed as "general," but more especially because he has unhesitatingly swallowed whole the analysis of the Congress and its leaders given by one M. N. Roy, notorious political opportunist, leader of the government-sponsored Indian Federation of Labor and a bitter opponent of the Indian nationalist movement. On this basis, the Salvation Army with its uniform and military titles is as logically a fascist organization.

Nichols leaves unmentioned the support the Congress gave to China, Ethi-

* The mortal ashes of the immortal Kant. Given to the world, April 22, 1724. Snatched away February 12, 1804.

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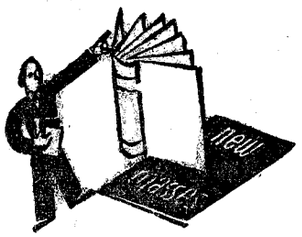

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opia and Loyalist Spain. In his previous book, *News of England*, Nichols viciously attacked Loyalist Spain. In the same book he vilified the Dean of Canterbury for his estimate of the Soviet Union; he prophesied that conquest by Italy "would perhaps in the long run make life safer, healthier and more agreeable for the Abyssinians themselves." In *News of England* Mr. Nichols was also outspokenly anti-Semitic, anti-democratic, and an avowed supporter of the fascist, Oswald Mosley. He called the Jews the parasitic ivy that "has stretched its tendrils too deeply into the crevices" of the British Empire, and "was eating into the very fabric of the stone." "Mosley," he wrote, "through an ironic twist of circumstances, has been compelled by the powerful forces of Jewry to adopt a modified form of anti-Semitism. . . . Obviously, however genuine one's desire to avoid persecution, it would be impossible to execute such a scheme without it."

Verdict on India is a gigantic lie; no doubt on the principles of his kind Mr. Nichols decided that the bigger the lie the more people will fall for it. It is disturbing to notice that the Council on Books in Wartime was taken in and dramatized it on the air as "a representative book on India." In commenting on his book one Indian newspaper, *The Hindu* of Madras, concluded that "since Mr. Nichols has shown so plainly that his verdict on India is 'Guilty,' why not condemn her to exile from the British Empire?"

"STRANGERS IN INDIA" is one of those "much-might-be-said-on-both-sides" kind of books—a method that for all its strenuous nonpartisanship sometimes leads the author to sheer absurdity. For example, Mr. Moon believes India should be free; nevertheless he thinks that "there is much that could be said for a diehard policy — for retracing our steps and reverting to the old paternal rule which India both understood and liked. Perhaps India would be happier [sic]." From which he turns again to the admission that that would be "essentially a sterile policy," would afford "no scope for change or growth," and anyway, was "not now a practicable policy."

Penderel Moon was, for fifteen years, a member of the Indian Civil Service, from which he resigned in 1944. On the basis of his experience, Mr. Moon has developed the theory that Indians had no conception of democracy before the British came; that the imposition of western democracy on India was bound to fail because it was planted on "uncongenial soil"; and that the Indians would be much better off under a benevolent, paternalistic but autocratic administration. Even here, however, the author's predilection for looking at both sides leads him to state that, perhaps, "Russian experiments with 'Soviet democracy' may be a valuable guide." And then, through some mental legerdemain, Mr. Moon finds that the best way to introduce democracy in India would be by way of the Native States! "Here, for the most part," he writes, "it is still practicable, without much preliminary clearing of the ground, to lay the foundations of democratic institutions which will fit the life and conditions of the people of India. And here, therefore, in the backward and obsolete states, the objects of so much misplaced scorn, there perhaps lies the secret of India's future and her best hopes."

Since he has a thesis to prove, Mr. Moon has naturally selected such incidents from his experience as illustrate his point of view. All the incidents are believable and are no doubt authentic; nevertheless, they add up to a deceptive picture of India. It is not true that Indians in pre-British days had no concept of democracy; the majority of the people, living in innumerable, almost autonomous villages, did have some appreciation of democracy through common ownership of land and through the elected village councils. The very limited democracy introduced into India only recently has been comparatively unproductive, not because of the "uncongenial soil," but because of no parallel modern economic development.

Mr. Moon's thesis further involves some glaring distortions. For example, the All-India Trade Union Congress is *not* full of opportunists but is a genuinely democratic, representative Indian organization, with such brilliant leaders as Joshi and Dange, whom the author does not even mention. The *Kisan Sabha* (Indian Peasants' League) and the Students' Federation never appear in the pages of Mr. Moon's book. The Indian famine of 1943—still continuing, by the way, though somewhat abated—and the heroic relief work undertaken by the organizations mentioned above is not discussed at all by the author, though he was in the service at the time. It is slanderous to state through the mouth of a "rotund, smiling, astute gentleman, named Gopal Das"—and to accept as the truth—that the Congress rejected the Cripps proposals, and would

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have rejected the proposals under any circumstances, because Congress members were "thoroughly anti-British and don't want to cooperate on any terms." The Cripps proposals were not an offer of independence to India, and they failed because of the government's unwillingness to give real power to a coalition Indian cabinet in the course of the war. It was also unnecessary for Mr. Moon to draw a vicious caricature of an Indian Communist, instead of giving the Communist Party of India the credit for its excellent work in fostering unity, in promoting the war effort and in famine relief.

There is much in Mr. Moon's book that is sound, understanding and sympathetic. It is not a malicious book, like Mr. Nichols'. It seems to have been written with sincerity; but a confused thesis leads inevitably to muddled conclusions.

KUMAR GOSHAL.

The Poet Vetoed

A MASQUE OF REASON, *by Robert Frost. Henry Holt. $2.*

WORDS spoken by Elihu in the "Book of Job" come to mind in connection with Robert Frost's *A Masque of Reason,* which he styles an additional chapter of that gloomy portion of the Bible. Elihu said, "I am young and ye are very old wherefore I was afraid and durst not shew you mine opinion," but gathering courage he added, "Great men are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment."

Robert Frost's contribution to American poetry is so impressive that it is unfortunate his seventieth birthday is marked by the publication of a volume as meager in every respect as the present one. It is in the form of a brief conversation between Job, Job's wife, God and Satan. Problems of good and evil, reward and punishment, the nature of truth are touched on, and in every instance the conclusions are negative and disappointing. To Frost the world seems to be a dismal place and

. . . the discipline man needed most
Was to learn his submission to unreason. . . .

Science, social reform and even the present war are sniped at in whimsical language which does not hide the fundamentally querulous mood of the author. Of course, the emphasis of the present book has its origins in the earlier Robert Frost who habitually held himself aloof from the pressing concerns of the times. Earlier, however, misanthropy did not always veto the poet in Frost as it does in the present volume.

PHILIP STANDER.

Worth Noting

A NEW publishing house, The Great Concord Publishers, with a mailing address at P.O. Box 1001, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y., announces an anthology of new American writing to be edited by Samuel Putnam, called *Answer From The West.* The anthology was undertaken in response to the call from Ilya Ehrenburg for "words of truth and goodness from the writers of the West." Material for the anthology must be submitted by June 15 and may include poetry, drama, stories, reportage and literary criticism.

Another interesting publication from this press, scheduled for release on April 25, is a long poem, *Choir And Tempest,* written in the Walt Whitman tradition and dedicated to the Teheran-Crimea principles. The poem is introduced by a "Preface To A New Poetry," by Samuel Putnam, challenging American poets to renounce the sterile *Wasteland* tradition and return to the American tradition of Whitman and Sandburg, and thereby to the American people.

PLANS are under way in the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and the Professions to hold an international conference with the perspective of forming an international organization. Leaders of the United Nations in these fields have been invited to participate. The committee's chairman, the world-famous sculptor, Jo Davidson, indicated that the plans were being discussed with the State Department and that a request for representation at the San Francisco Conference had been made. Among those at the planning meeting, in addition to Jo Davidson, were Dr. Harlow Shapley of the American Astronomical Society; Van Wyck Brooks, National Institute of Arts and Letters; Elmer Rice and Marc Connelly, Hollywood Writers Mobilization; Colonel T. M. Bogert, National Academy of Science; L. S. MacLean, Canadian Universities Club; James Marshall, New York Board of Education; John McManus, New York Newspaper Guild; Marcia Davenport and William Rose Benet, writers; William Feinberg, American Federation of Musicians, and other notable figures representing important groups.

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Seeing Things

By Joseph Foster

THE most distinctive feature of *I'll Be Seeing You* is its persistent unreality. Its intentions are both real and pertinent, but in its working out, the aims and the results go their own separate ways. The patina of fantasy is due somewhat to its very improbable premise, but still more to a style of thinking and working that has made cynics and disparagers out of many a movie goer.

The plot motif is bad enough. A stenographer finds herself (tee hee) in the apartment of her boss, a drunken lecher with a fatal eye for blondes (Ginger Rogers). She doesn't know the strength of her own resistance and he goes through a window, sixteen floors above the pavement. Comes for her a manslaughter sentence of six years in the state Big House, a sentence that would in actual life never be visited upon a gal who is clearly shown defending her honor. Even so, the picture, now bent upon proving that you can commit a legal wrong and be morally righteous, could have put in a plug for tolerance and understanding had its dialogue been realistic and had its characters borne some relation to the living. Instead, her aunt keeps saying something like, "You committed a wrong, *now you are paying for it*—nobody could ask more"; and her cousin, "I can see how it's possible to make a terrible mistake without meaning anything"; and her uncle, "There, there, now, relax and forget everything." But where was the wrong? If the heroine had bounced a vase off the rogue's noggin, her acts of valor would have been cheered (as indeed they have been) by every good movie character ever invented; but because of his accidental demise, she becomes morally reprehensible for the same act. Thus the sleazy sentiments of the family have an effect quite opposite to that intended.

Love makes its appearance when a convalescing soldier (Joseph Cotten) falls for her while she is on an eight-day Christmas holiday from prison. A sort of *leitmotif* is provided by the soldier, who is suffering from battleshock and wounds. He has a couple of wrestling matches with himself to demonstrate to the audience that he is regaining control of his mind and nerves, an issue that is held in doubt until the proper dramatic moment.

There is perhaps one moment when the film achieves a touch of reality, repugnant but recognizable. At one point a politician wants to know what the GI thinks of life. The answer is a series of generalized remarks until he comes to labor. "Some soldiers," he opines, "think that labor has a right to strike, others that labor has no rights at all." Here indeed is as sly an attack on the no-strike pledge as any we have encountered, especially since this bit has absolutely nothing to do with the rest of the film.

The acting, except for that of Shirley Temple as the cousin, which is just downright bad, is hampered by the sentiments and the backgrounds provided by the writers. The locale of the movie —supposedly describing a small town by its name, geographical location and such customs as having the town ball, including Senators and everything, at the local Y—is full of big-city touches, such as sumptuous apartments towering into the sky (see death of villain), a railroad depot the size of Grand Central and other such outbreaks of fancy.

Shoshannah.

Movie Check List

Affairs of Susan. Don't hurry dinner.

Battle of Iwo Jima. Thrilling newsreel account of bloodiest battle of Pacific.

Between Two Women. Van Johnson, who used to be a sailor between two girls, has switched professions. He is now Dr. Kildare, between you and me.

Colonel Blimp. How the watchdog of Britain's imperial holdings behaves from the Boer War to the present. Gets his lumps with a little humor and much affection.

Corn Is Green. Starts off as a serious film on education in rural nineteenth-century England, changes its mind part way, and ends up as a "will-he-make-it-or-will-he-not?"

God Is My Co-Pilot. Atheism gets the bums' rush. Chennault's Flying Tigers engage in dogfights and special missions without further worry over their souls.

Hotel Berlin. Silly adventure plot dressed up as topical film on inside Germany.

Keep Your Powder Dry. A purported story about WACS. The RED CROSS can use the price of admission.

Murder, My Sweet. A murder melodrama whose story will baffle you. Made interesting by fine direction, dialogue and characterizations.

Objective Burma. Fine film adventure of a group of Americans behind the Jap lines in Burma. Best action war film produced by Hollywood.

Picture of Dorian Gray. Banal attempt to translate Oscar Wilde's novel to the screen.

Practically Yours. The slick comedy producers at Paramount overreach themselves by making the supposed death of a hero the subject of their questionable humor.

Princess and the Pirate. Bob Hope in his corniest routines to date.

Silver Fleet. Like *Colonel Blimp*, a Pressburger-Powell British release. Well-made account of underground activities in a Dutch port.

Song To Remember. Fine musical film on Chopin. Deals with place of artist in society.

The Suspect. A creeper in which a middle-aged man becomes a murderer to achieve tranquillity. Cut above average despite fake moral ending.

The Three Caballeros. Inept Disney.

Thunderhead, Son of Flicka. Pleasant picture of horses and scenery. A weak second to *National Velvet.*

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Tomorrow The World. Adult film showing the effect of Nazi ideas on a democratic community.

Tonight and Every Night. Boy-girl adventure wrapped in war slogans. Extravaganza amid the ruins of London, 1940-41.

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn. Synthetic study of a drunken father, an overworked mother, a literary daughter trying to get along in Williamsburg.

Without Love. Ingratiating and humorous film with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, on matters of total unimportance.

Woman in the Window. Better than *The Suspect*, but with an even less forgivable conclusion. J. F.

Notes on Music

"FUN WITH MUSIC" at Carnegie Hall (April 7) brought together Bach and swing; Jimmy Savo and the dancers Mata and Hari—and to judge from the response of the large audience, the combination worked well. Yella Pessl and Teddy Wilson played a Bach concerto for two harpsichords; then Miss Pessl played solo and Teddy Wilson did some swinging of an old English song; Bernard Kundell played the violin, and Adelaide Bishop sang some arias. All in all, it was very enjoyable and very novel, though the harpsichord is no instrument to be listened to with advantage in Carnegie Hall, and much of the subtle playing in the Bach concerto was hopelessly lost.

THE French-Canadian vocal quartet, *Le Quatuor Alouette*, came to town without much flourish; and that was a pity, for a very small audience turned up and listened to one of the most delightful evenings of music it has been my fortune to hear of late. The quartet sings beautifully; and that portion of its repertory it generously displayed on April 10 included old French folksongs as well as more recent French-Canadian lumberjack and canoe tunes. The program was as unusual as it was fresh; the more memorable part included the enchanting sequence of "The Golden Legend." If these songs and this group have not yet been recorded in this country, I can think of few better items I'd like to add to any folksong collection.

WHAT to hear in New York: until April 29, opera, New York City Center. . . . April 23, Horowitz, Carnegie Hall. . . . April 24, Landowska, Town Hall. . . . April 27, Vivian Rivkin (Shostakovich Trio), Carnegie Hall. . . . April 29, Marian Anderson, Metropolitan Opera House.

FREDERIC EWEN.

Records

RUTH RUBIN gives us a varied selection of folksongs in Yiddish and Hebrew (Asch, 6 sides, 10 inch). There are two Palestinian songs, *Zirmu Galim* and *Artsa Alina;* two East European songs, *Mit a Nodl* and *Farbenkt;* and two Soviet collective farm songs, *Kegen Gold fun Zun* and *Zhankoye*. Miss Rubin sings with feeling and understanding; and her Yiddish and Hebrew diction is clear. To me it seems she does best with the wistful *Farbenkt* and the charming tailor song, *Mit a Nodl*. I recommend this album to all lovers of folk music. F. E.

Dances from Africa

A LARGE and respectful audience greeted the program of African dances and modern rhythms sponsored by the African Academy of Arts and Research at Carnegie Hall, April 6. Aimed at tracing the strands of African Negro culture in Western Hemisphere music and dance today, the presentation was notable more in its intention than in actual performance, since no really complete picture can be given in any one evening—or series of evenings for that matter—of the vast pervasive influence African Negro art has had on all the indigenous art forms in North and South America, wherever the Negro was transplanted. At best, a one-night attempt can only be haphazardly selective, which was the result on this particular occasion.

Asadata Dafora, prime exponent in America on African dance, and his group gave another of their pleasant but repetitious folk "operas," *Festival at Battalakor*. Pedro, of the team of Princess Orelia and Pedro, representing Cuba and Brazil (how much is Negro in Brazilian folk dancing, how much native Indian, many of whose rhythms have comparable primitive derivatives?) outshone his luscious partner in real virtuoso dancing. Josephine Premice, who dances and sings Haitian songs, was as always, an ingratiating artist. Another performer was the Calypso singer, the Duke of Iron.

A special program of speeches made the presentation an occasion for honoring two men who have contributed to the welfare of the African peoples, Wendell Willkie and Felix Eboue, late Negro Governor-General of French Equatorial Africa. Raymond E. Baldwin, governor of Connecticut, spoke of the contributions of Willkie, and Prince

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Nwafor Orizu of the contribution of Felix Eboue. Other speakers included Ozuomba Mbadiwe, president of the African Academy, and L. D. Reddick, curator of the Schomburg Collection of the New York Public Library.

FRANCIS STEUBEN.

What He Meant to Us

(*Continued from page 5*)

western Europe. The danger that the coalition would disintegrate was real—a catastrophe which would have changed the course of the war and blotted out mankind's hope of freedom. It is now known that President Roosevelt and the American general staff had favored the western invasion of Europe, but had time and again encountered the opposition of Prime Minister Churchill. The invasion of Northern Africa and the Italian campaign were, in fact, reluctant compromises imposed by British insistence on delaying the Western Front. (To say this is not to minimize Churchill's own great work in the leadership of the war and in effecting a new relationship with the USSR.) It is also known that at Teheran it was Roosevelt who was largely responsible for overcoming Churchill's objections. He thereby saved the coalition, guaranteed the victory of the United Nations, and made possible the opening of a new historic era rooted in the collaboration of the capitalist and socialist systems in peace as in war.

In all this Roosevelt acted not as a partisan of a foreign nation and certainly not of the Soviet system, but, on the contrary, as a devoted American patriot and partisan of capitalism. In helping to heal the hostility between the capitalist and socialist sectors of world democracy —a hostility which the Nazis exploited to the deteriment of both—he rescued American and world capitalism from the shipwreck to which the policies of the Chamberlains and Daladiers and Hoovers and Vandenbergs were driving it. More: just as Lincoln, by breaking the grip of the slave system, released the forces of American capitalism and made possible their rapid development on the basis of a wider democracy, so Roosevelt, by all he did to break the grip of feudal-fascist imperialism and to forge lasting cooperation with socialist Russia, has made possible a new era of capitalist growth within the framework of enlarged democracy and self-determination for all peoples. And perhaps there is a fertile symbol in the fact that

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the two world figures of the past quarter century whose death was mourned throughout the world were Lenin and Roosevelt.

I said earlier that without this collaboration with our principal ally the Roosevelt domestic reforms—major achievements in themselves—could not have survived for long. But it is also true that these reforms contributed to the role we have played on a world scale and must continue to play in the future. In fact, the whole Roosevelt domestic program now takes on larger meaning. For example, if there were no National Labor Relations Act, if instead of fourteen million workers organized in trade unions—and they have been organized thanks largely to the Roosevelt policies—there were still less than 3,000,000, as was the case when FDR took office, with the labor movement as politically impotent as it was at that time, would it have been possible to have secured labor's cooperation with management in the war and the very high degree of adherence to the no-strike pledge? And if somehow it had been possible to coerce labor, with what consequences to civil liberties can well be imagined, could we now envisage continued labor-management cooperation to solve the problems of the peace? Without that possibility and facing the prospect of virtual civil war between labor and capital in the United States, what hope would there be that America could be a constructive factor in the postwar world?

Thus the recently announced labor-management charter for postwar cooperation is one of the monuments to Franklin D. Roosevelt. And if we mourn his loss today, we can also rejoice at what we have gained from his twelve years at the nation's helm. We can look back and take hope in the thought that we live in an America in which hunger marches, the shooting of strikers, the limitless and unchallenged degradation of the Negro people, the callous indifference to the lot of ordinary folk have become memories of an evil past—to be joined soon by the horrors of Hitlerism. He leaves an America more united, more dedicated to "democracy—and more democracy," more sensible of its destiny and its bonds with other nations than ever in our history. We leaned on him so much, but he also leaned on us, on the people—and the people remain. And so, as we look ahead, closing ranks behind President Truman, we can say in the words of *The Tempest: What's past is prologue.*

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